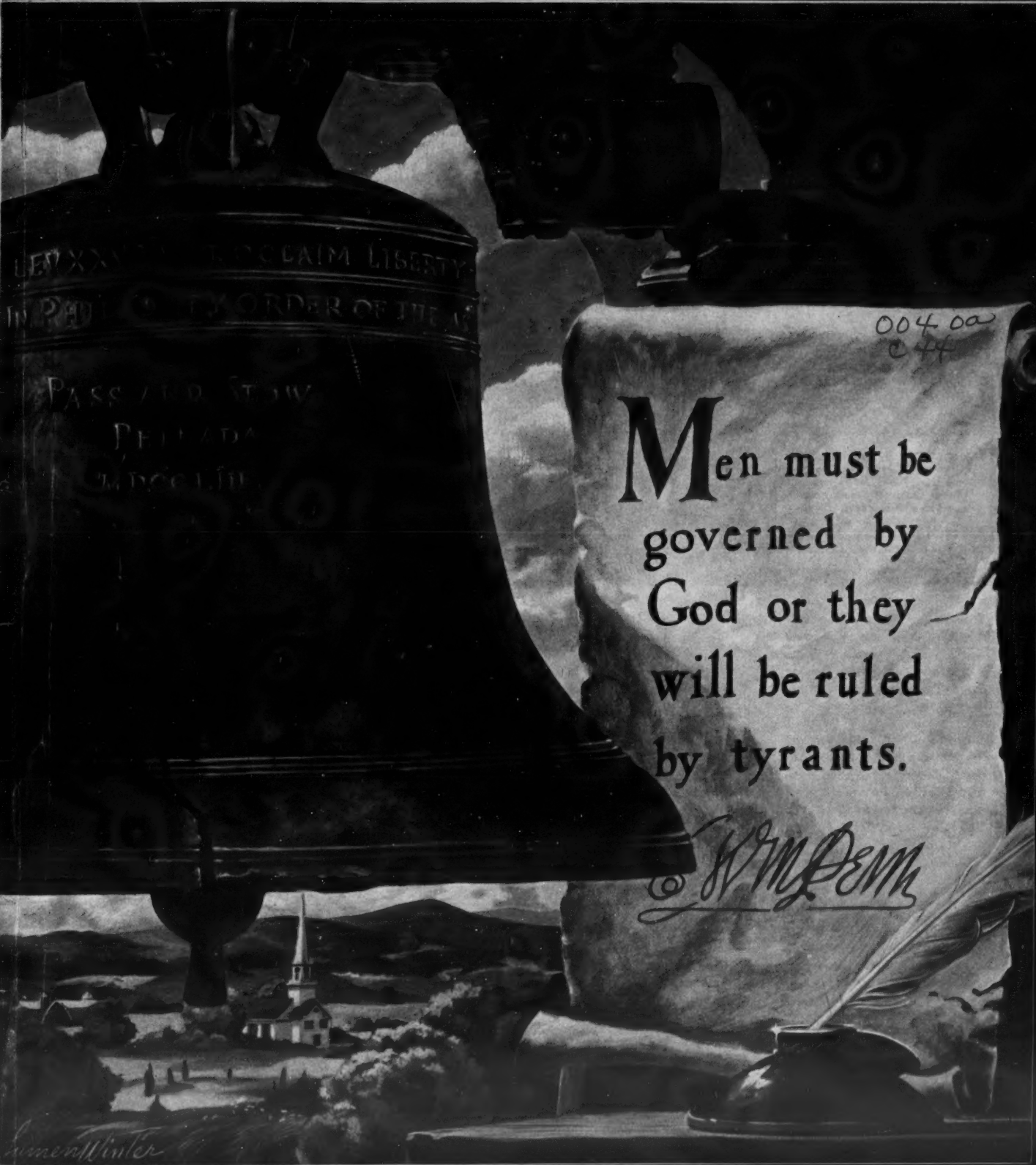


CHRISTIAN HERALD



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Men must be
governed by
God or they
will be ruled
by tyrants.

L. W. D. M.

Lumen Winter

I was losing my hair at 40!

LOOK AT IT NOW (at over 80)

Bernarr Macfadden



WOMEN: My experimental bulletin on "Permanent Waves," included to women without additional expense, may save you a lot of money.

MEN: Be sensible about your hair. Learn how to save it. Mail FREE TRIAL coupon today.

I don't say I can grow a full head of hair on anybody's scalp but my own. I don't say that I can positively for sure save the hair you have left. But I do say this —

I found myself rapidly growing bald when I was about forty. Baldness — even thinning hair — is a most unfortunate state for anyone. But for me — a physical culturist — it would be an unspeakable calamity.

.....

So I began intensive, specialized study of hair . . . and hair culture . . . for myself (and later for others). I worked out a formula and treatment for stimulating and strengthening the hair roots without drugs. This I am certain saved my hair. And I believe it grew back the hair I had lost.

FREE TRIAL

And I have on file many letters from men and women who have volunteered to say, in their own words, that I have done as much for them. I delight in such letters.

Now, at past eighty, my mop is so thick that people turn around and look at me. (Maybe they think I play the violin!) I like hair . . . and I love to help folks have thick luxuriant growths of it.

.....

I have no tonics, salves, nostrums, or apparatus to sell or recommend. All I have is experience and knowledge. And I have put this experience and knowledge into a little book that tells all that I consider necessary to in-

sure a healthy scalp and remove dandruff and unpleasant itching, thus saving what hair is left, and grow new hair if such a thing is possible. Each book contains a personalized questionnaire. For ladies I enclose a special bulletin on how to experiment with my idea for securing a permanent wave without expense.

.....

I say that for anybody who thinks he is in danger of becoming bald or even partially denuded, this book is certainly worth many times the price of a couple of haircuts at New York rates, which is all I'm asking. I absolutely guarantee it and offer this FREE TRIAL!

What can you lose?

Mail this coupon, and get my book called "Hair Culture," which tells how I saved my own hair and think you can save yours. Read it. Do what it tells you. If in 5 days you are not completely convinced and satisfied, return the book and your money will be refunded instantly. DO IT NOW — because, if you are losing your hair, you'd better not lose any time.

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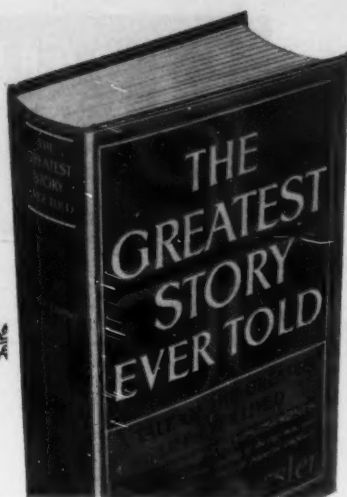
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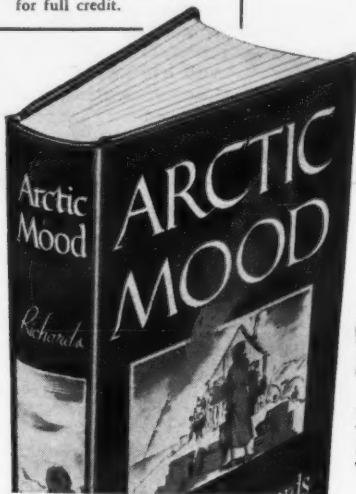
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VOL. 72

CHRISTIAN HERALD

No. 7

OUR PLATFORM: Christian Herald is a family magazine for all denominations, dedicated to this platform: To advance the cause of Evangelical Christianity; to serve the needy at home and abroad; to achieve temperance through education; to champion religious, social and economic tolerance; to make Church unity a reality; to labor for a just and lasting peace; to work with all who seek a Christlike world.

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Among Those Present

Alma Robison Higbee (*Ma Fielding's Silver Lining*, page 18) is a Kentuckian by birth; she is married to a Kansan and together they now live happily in Missouri. Even though she will burn the biscuits now and then, Mr. Higbee is understanding about his wife spending eight hours a day and more at the typewriter. When the end-product is something as poignant as the present story, we can understand Mr. Higbee's understanding. They have four children (three married), four grandchildren. With a son, 16, a black cocker named Pride and a white pussy named Tinker, they live "a full and happy life that has no lack whatsoever."



Mrs. Higbee confesses that she "particularly loves young folks." Thus she teaches a Sunday-school class of young women, directs a young people's "training union," is program chairman for a missionary group. She and her husband sponsor a "dart ball game" as a means of bringing the youngsters to the church.

Wallace M. Alston (*Saints in Caesar's Household*, page 26) is vice president and professor of philosophy in Agnes Scott College, Decatur, Ga. A native of Georgia, he received most of his education there and held his first pastorate in Atlanta. Subsequent pastorates were in Kentucky and West Virginia; his last, before his affiliation with the college last year, was Druid Hills Presbyterian in Atlanta. Dr. Alston is the author of "Break Up The Night!" and "The Throne Among the Shadows." He is very active in committee work in Presbyterian Church, U. S. and is much in demand as a radio speaker and conference leader.



William L. Stidger (*"Is That God?"* see page 28) is an old, old friend of the HERALD family. For a quarter-century now Bill Stidger's glowing prose has appeared in these pages; his first piece for us was published in 1924. For two years ('46 to '48) he gladdened our readers with his "Daily Meditations," writing them with a winged pen in his own inimitable style. Although well on this side of the biblical three-score-and-ten and a callow youth in spirit, Dr. Stidger knew intimately many of the great men who have died in recent years. Among them: Henry Ford, William Allen White and Edwin Markham. Because of his close



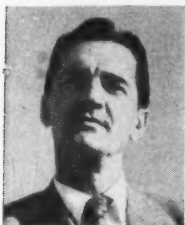
CHRISTIAN HERALD

friendship with these men, his *HERALD* articles about them had a particular appeal and they will still be remembered by long-time subscribers.

It's difficult to classify Bill Stidger, unless you can imagine a combination of Walt Whitman, Buffalo Bill, Theodore Roosevelt and Will Rogers. He is an educator, preacher, lecturer, radio broadcaster, traveler, author, poet, journalist; and in all these fields he conducts himself with a certain *elan*, a certain high-flown spirit. That he is extremely affable and a sparkling conversationalist, has a ready wit and an ingratiating smile is attested by his friendship with so many distinguished figures.

Born in the hills of West Virginia, Bill has been a tramp, janitor, bricklayer, reporter, truck driver, foreign correspondent, football player, prize-winning college speaker. Always his study has been people—all kinds of people—everywhere. At present he is Professor of Homilectics at Boston University School of Theology.

Charles Zingaro is the artist who, you may have noticed, gets the credit for the superb biblical scenes illustrating the sermons (see page 26).



In our opinion, and letters indicate it is shared by our readers, Zingaro's work does not suffer in comparison with the great Bible illustrators Dore, Durer and Blake. The people of the Bible come alive on Zingaro's easel; they live, breathe and have their being there.

His skill in this field did not come overnight. He spent many long years at art school (the famous Phoenix school in New York) and he has devoted much time to research on Bible times—how the people looked, what they wore, how they lived, what they ate. When asked where he finds the models for his strong, expressive portraits, Zingaro replied: "I don't. I am the model for all of them. Y'see, it's done with mirrors and, of course, my knowledge of anatomy. I have two mirrors fixed on swivels front and back of me as I work. By shifting the mirrors I can see myself in any position and any expression. By imagining wrinkles (which I don't have yet) and a beard (something I also don't have), I am Paul or Peter or Moses."

Of interest is the fact that he had his start in the *HERALD*. It was the July, 1936 issue; he did the decorations for a poem by Grace Noll Crowell. He was still going to school then, had not had any previous magazine assignments and tackled the job with more than a bit of apprehension. If he was successful, his years of training had been worthwhile; if not, maybe he had better look around to some other field. He labored at his easel for days and with heart in mouth brought the result to the art editor. His heart fell back in place when the editor said it was good and just what he wanted. Thus, Zingaro was launched on his career.

He also does work for *Argosy* magazine and others. Finally, here's a gratuitous tip to some astute book publisher: why not a handsome volume of Zingaro's Bible illustrations with appropriate text?



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Inconsistent Churchmen

• Recently, our minister, before the altar of our church, married the daughter of a church officer to a brewer's son who is active in his father's business. I've remained silent but my conscience bothers me. Should I or should I not speak out?

ILLINOIS

E. J.

I am not competent to express an opinion or to pass judgment upon your minister and the brother officer in your church. I feel as you feel about the inconsistency of those churchmen who have anything at all to do with either the traffic or the manufacturing of that commodity. On the other hand, there are churchmen, otherwise honorable and worthy, engaged in the beer business. They have the sanction of law and are no doubt justified in conscience. I am not their judge. I am glad that you have not expressed yourself in condemnation.

"Modernism"

• Do you not think that the use of "modernism" in connection with doctrinal disputes is a misnomer?

NEBRASKA

C. F.

It seems to me that the only period when that word would have been appropriate in connection with "higher criticism" so-called, was in the beginning of things. All of these and other "heresies" are as old as Satan himself. Let's get our vocabulary straightened out or am I wrong? You are right!

"Intra Muros"

• I read with interest your answer to the question concerning the little book, "Intra Muros." Does this book pretend to be factual? Just what is it?

A very discerning letter from Mrs. R. E. Burchett, Sr. of Clarksville, Tenn., answers this question better than I could. She writes in part as follows: "I first read the book after my little son had left me for our Father's Home and a few years ago I read it again. We will understand better if we remember the author calls it 'a dream of heaven' and most of us have our dreams."

A woman once told her husband she was disappointed because the Bible so often pictured Heaven as a city. She said that there must be a bit of country there where she could go and rest—she was so tired. She thought there would be many trees, hills, and that a brook would rush out from a bluff between

rocks, and ferns would stoop to dip their heads in the cool water, there would be the perfume of flowers and growing plants. This was her dream of Heaven. Her husband reminded her that Jewish people love nothing better in the world than the Holy City of Jerusalem. Our Heavenly Father let them have their dream of an even more beautiful city.

I have a friend who left on a distant journey. As we stood with hands clasped, reluctant to say "Good-bye," I told her we would probably not meet again here but that when she came to Heaven, she should come to see me. I would not rate an ivory palace . . . but I would be there. My friend's eyes filled and she said, "I often think that it will be joy just to walk down the street, turn a corner and meet a friend whom I did not know had arrived."

That was a little of her dream. God gives dreams to many people. I respect the dreams of others, even though my dream is different.

Christian Endeavor

• Dr. F. E. Davison, president of the International Convention of the Disciples in Christ, has a letter, "Let's Talk It Over," in Front Rank, a widely circulated journal of the Christian Board of Publication. I enclose the letter which purports to answer questions raised concerning Christian Endeavor. You will note that Dr. Davison, says, among other things, that Christian Endeavor "still exists but has lost much of its former vigor," that "in certain cities and communities it became an adjunct of the fanatical-fringe fundamentalists" and that "in many places it has ceased to be a youth movement," etc. Also, isn't he in error when he states that Dr. Clark, founder of Christian Endeavor, was a Presbyterian?

ILLINOIS

M. L.

Dr. Clark was a Congregational minister.

The letter of Dr. Davison is perhaps unfortunate because of unmistakable lack of information, though in the long run, it will help youth-work in churches generally and the Christian Endeavor program in particular. In the United States, Christian Endeavor faces problems that are not found elsewhere in the world, but steadily the movement is solving its problems. Specifically, more than any other youth organization with which I am acquainted, its affairs are directed by the young people themselves—and the final word on this will

be spoken at the Toronto International Convention, July 5-10. Overseas, the national Christian Endeavor Unions are in a healthier state than they have been within two generations.

F.D.R. Not a Christian?

• An eyewitness told me that Franklin D. Roosevelt admitted before the King and Queen of England that he was not a Christian. I shall be as surprised to see Roosevelt in heaven as Nero, Hitler or Judas. What do you think now?

WASHINGTON

H. E. W.

Some people may miss some others in heaven because they themselves do not get there. The above question was inspired by President Roosevelt's Easter message of 1945.

Any "eyewitness" who said that Franklin D. Roosevelt denied being a Christian before the King and Queen of England or before any other individual or individuals is an unmitigated falsifier. I am glad that I do not sit in judgment upon the souls of my fellow humans. Those who hate Franklin D. Roosevelt will have to make their own peace with God. Those who really knew him know that he was, liturgically and emotionally, profoundly religious and a sincere Christian. "Judge not that you be not judged" is a good passage for all of us.

Jesus in the Temple

• I have a friend who says that Jesus at 12, when He talked with the wise men in the Temple, did not have complete knowledge of His divine mission and of His deity. What do you think?

KANSAS

J. H.

The Scriptures tell us that "Jesus increased in wisdom and stature and in favor of God and man." Certainly then He grew in knowledge of Himself and His mission.

Children and Cigarettes

• I appreciate very much CHRISTIAN HERALD's recent articles on the menace of cigarette advertising. Have you seen the approach to little children? I enclose two articles.

NEBRASKA

W. B.

I had not seen this particular approach until I looked at the two articles. My correspondent tells me that they are sold by the Woolworth stores. One is a package of chocolate labeled "Ghesterfeld" and done up so attractively that the youngster getting it will think that he has the real article. In general appearance and in near approach to the cigarette itself, this package deceived even me. The second article is "El Bubblo." In shape, appearance, and colored band it is a "delux" cigar for kids. And yet cigarette and tobacco manufacturers tell us that they are not exploiting children!

LOOK! Two Happy Discoveries at once!



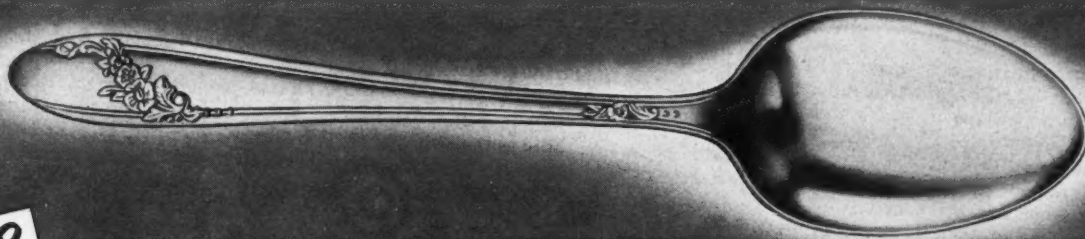
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JULY 1949

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GLORIOUS OLD-TIME FOURTH

By JACOB S. PAYTON

ONE morning a Kentuckian raised his rifle and fired from his cabin door at nothing. It seemed a waste of powder. The report reverberated through the forest and the echo from the precipitous cliffs replied across Knob Creek Farm. Thomas Lincoln blew the smoke from his rifle and told his barefoot boy, Abraham, standing by in a long one-piece linsey-woolsey shirt, that since it was the morning of the glorious Fourth of July, it was the time for Americans to make a noise. Moreover, he told him about independence and perhaps something of its cost-mark.

That sound of a gun in the solitude of a Kentucky forest was expressive of a spirit that has awakened Americans to the value of their heritage of freedom and of their debt to the patriots who obtained it. Youthful observers of those old-time Fourth of July celebrations, whether from the back settlements or from town and city, received impressions which formed them into loyal and sturdy citizens. For them there was no taint on the flag; no blight of un-Americanism on their records; no inclination to regard the American eagle as only a "fat gorger in the sun"; and no feeling that a display of patriotism, howsoever reserved, was excessive.

Few scenes of American rural life are more beautiful and inspiring than those of settlers of a bygone period assembling to celebrate the Fourth of July. The occasion was billed, "The Great Anniversary of Independence"—which does not read like certain current calls to meetings in Madison

Square Garden. It may be that a parking place with automobiles, bumper to bumper, is a symbol of advancement. However, once Independence Day presented stirring scenes, the spirit of which we might recapture with profit.

First among the ceremonies was the raising of the flag. To the old soldiers it was actually the "banner of the free" and therefore precious in their sight. With eyes grown dim since they squinted down their old flint-locks at Brandywine and Yorktown, they fired a salute. Usually there was a parade led by a fife-and-drum corps. In the place of honor marched the veterans with age-weary eyes still to the front, and with feet attempting to recover the rhythmic tread once called forth by "Yankee Doodle," but grown less elastic by long plodding in the furrow. An occasional officer flourished his tarnished epaulettes and a few appeared in their faded regimentals of scarlet and buff. Most of them were garbed in homespun, however, brass buttons adorned with eagles as the only insignia.

It was an animated scene when, with flags waving and drums beating and crowds cheering, the old invincibles led the column round the grounds to the platform festooned with bunting and decked with flowers from country gardens. Such an occasion was no mere fanfare of noise and numbers. It was an inspiring sign of loyalties for which Christian patriots would still march and show their colors. Then as now that represents Americanism at its best.

The program was always called the

exercises of the day. No chairman glanced nervously at his wrist watch as if the briefest invocation was too long. Instead, a circuit-rider took his time at prayer, and, with a voice loud enough to leave no doubt that it reached the throne of grace, thanked God for the guns that spoke at Lexington; for the services of the aged heroes on the platform and asked that faith might be kept and America revered until all arrived in heaven which, aside from their native land, was the only country to which allegiance was acknowledged. And from the rustic patriots at prayer came frequent amens.

Then followed the Declaration of Independence. That was required reading. To it the people listened and nodded assent to its truths which to them were invested with a sacramental value, as are all blessings acquired through peril and sacrifice. Present were elderly pioneers with memories of having first heard the document of their liberties read from the pulpits of New England meetinghouses and in places of worship reaching far into the Southland. In that prevalent atmosphere of alarm and solemnity, it was not considered an act of sacrilege or an outrage of conscience to oppressed people assembled in the house of the Lord to be told "that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." These were truths as old as Sinai; as authentic as the Sermon on the Mount.

THE stellar place on the program was reserved for the address by a celebrity described as the orator of the day. Certainly he engaged in considerable spread-eagleism, and to listen to his stilted phrases and sonorous periods would not be regarded as an altogether soul-animating experience by a modern listener. But as he pictured scenes that were remote from the eyes of the veterans, but not from their hearts, and related how on Revolutionary battlefields "the fire of their flints had lighted the nation's path to glory" cheers arose, handkerchiefs fluttered and flags waved. "Very often the eagles have been squalled down by the parrots," Mr. Winston Churchill told a later generation, but such a spectacle was never witnessed at an early Fourth of July celebration.

The orator of the day never served up patriotism in a diluted form. The stronger it was, the sweeter it proved to the taste of those with memories of facing iron sleet from Bunker Hill to Charleston, and of shivering and hungering in bivouacs. (Continued on p. 37)

Do You Know the City's TENEMENTS?

COULD we take you through the door that leads into the dark, smelly hallway of almost any city tenement, lead you up the still darker stairway that endlessly climbs to the rooms that children call home, you would take away with you a picture that you could never erase from your mind. The first thing you would want to do would be to eliminate such buildings. And that fight has been going on down through the long years. In the meantime, little children are born and live in hovels in which no respectable farmer would keep even his cattle.

Until the day comes when there are no such buildings, we have a job to do. Until man practices the preachings of Christ, we will have little children that are the responsibility of Christian men and women. For we remember He said: "SUFFER THE LITTLE CHILDREN TO COME UNTO ME."

Mont Lawn's part in the work for the children of poverty is a vital one. During the summer vacation we give children, we can do almost the impossible. First, we can tell children about Jesus and His love for them. Far too many of our little guests hear this beautiful story for the first time in Mont Lawn's Children's Chapel. The good food, the fun and the beautiful country help build up a resistance against disease and all the other curses of poverty. Living in a new kind of place, a place where there is light and cleanliness everywhere, awakens the elder children to a better way of life. Mont Lawn has influenced many a boy and many a girl to become a man or a woman of finer living—we know, for they have come back to tell us.

Once we heard a little boy say "This must be God's place." He was so filled with the wonder of Mont Lawn that it had to be something special. The things he had heard in the Children's Chapel had awakened him to a new world, surely Mont Lawn must be part of it.

This work for children who are lost in their poverty is your work. For more than fifty years, Christian Herald readers have supported Mont Lawn; we ask no help from others; we depend on you—keep Mont Lawn your charity. The earlier we receive your contribution, the sooner we can tell the children they can go to Mont Lawn. And there are many waiting to hear from you.

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BRITISH RAILWAYS

Sunday School Lessons

BASED ON THE INTERNATIONAL UNIFORM LESSONS

By Amos John Traver

● Sunday, July 3rd

SONGBOOK OF THE HEBREWS

PSALMS 1 AND 67

"SERVE the Lord with gladness: Come before His presence with singing" (Psalm 100:2). This verse is well chosen to introduce "The Songbook of the Hebrews." Too often religion has omitted gladness and singing. Too often it is keyed to sadness and crying. A sorrowful religion is denial of Christian faith. If God means to us what we profess, our hearts must leap for joy whenever we think of Him. Even on the other side of the Gospel when the Hebrews had such an impoverished knowledge of their God, there was much shouting and singing in their worship. Had we been present at one of their great festivals we might have been as embarrassed as when we attend a Christian service where there is abandoned emotion, shouting and singing, "camp-meeting" style.

The Psalms are the hymnbook recording the words of the songs used by the Hebrews in worship. Like our modern hymnbooks, not all were written at one time. Their production covers a period of seven centuries. There are five distinct sections in the book, corresponding to Moses' five books of the Law. These divisions are I, Psalms 1-41; II, 42-72; III, 73-89; IV, 90-106; V, 107-150. Most of the psalms in the first section are attributed to David. He and his son, Solomon, are given large credit for gathering the psalms into one collection, as well as for writing many of them.

The original Hebrew title for the book would be translated into English, "Book of Praises." We have the title "Psalms" from a later collection still used by the Hebrews. It comes from the name of a musical instrument, probably a form of harp, called the "psaltery." This suggests that the psalms were sung with instrumental accompaniment. Choirs were used in their festival worship, often divided into two sections, one answering the other.

The Psalms are suited to every purpose of individual and public worship. Every spiritual need is mirrored in them. Whether they sing of war or peace, marriage or death, sin or righteousness, fear or hope, the struggle of individuals or of nations, the sense of the presence and power of the living God moves through

them. Warning, comfort, thanksgiving, confidence in the destiny of God's people, all are there to suit the mood of the occasion. No wonder they were so often quoted by Jesus and the founders of the early Church. No Old Testament book is quoted so frequently in the New.

LUTHER wrote in his "Preface to the Psalter": "The human heart is like a ship on a wild sea, driven by winds from all corners of the world. . . . And what find we in the Psalter for the most part but the earnest words of men tossed about by such winds? Where can one find nobler words of joy than in the psalms of praise and thanksgiving? . . . And again, where can one find deeper, more plaintive and heart-moving words of sorrow than in the psalms of lamentation?"

Two great psalms are assigned for special study. The first psalm is a personal favorite, memorized in my youth at the suggestion of my father. It is a psalm of the high road and the low road of life. The high way is the happy way. It anticipates Him who proclaimed Himself to be The Way. To travel this way it is safe only to avoid companionship with the godless. The figure of the tree suggests that the fruit of good deeds finds its source and strength in the deep roots of God-relationship. No fruits without roots! No Christian life without Christian faith!

The second psalm assigned is full of the pure joy of devotion to God. The first two verses are sometimes called "The Missionary Benediction." If only the Hebrews had understood the words they sang so often! They were the chosen people, God's very own nation. They did not seem to see that they were not an end in themselves. They felt the warming rays of the light of God's blessing that, through them, all the world should be warmed and enlightened. It required a real struggle, led by Paul, to keep the infant Christian Church from missing its mission to all races and peoples. We of the white race need to take warning: "God so loved the world!"

The Hebrews could rejoice even when they saw evil and felt affliction. Their history is full of tragedy, a tragedy of their own making, but there was always a blessed minority that was held from despair by faith in God. It was the salvation of Israel. Someone asked Franz Joseph Haydn, the composer, why his

music was so cheerful. He answered "When I think upon God my heart is so full of joy that the notes dance and leap from my pen."

Questions:

What psalms are quoted in the New Testament? By whom? How used? To find these references easily, study the footnotes in the Revised Standard Version.

John Henry Jowett wrote, "There is nothing that breaks up more speedily than a badly made road. . . . The way of the ungodly is an appallingly bad road." Apply to the First Psalm.

• Sunday, July 10th

SONGS OF PILGRIMAGE

PSALMS 122 AND 134

AT LEAST three times each year all the men of Israel were expected to appear before the Lord at the place appointed for worship. The instructions were given in Deuteronomy 16:16, 17. With the establishment of Jerusalem as the seat of worship and of government, this meant a pilgrimage to the Holy City. The great feasts became a mighty force in keeping the scattered children of Israel from losing their identity. They were dwellers in many communities and citizens of many countries. They had an uncanny ability to make a good living wherever they were. Many would become so much a part of the heathen civilization in which they lived that they would forget their God and their national destiny. Many more would be in foreign countries but never of them. Their prayers would be made daily, kneeling toward Jerusalem. Their hearts would beat with high emotion at the very thought of their homeland.

The pilgrimages to Jerusalem, to the Holy Hill of Zion would kindle love for their God. Some of the psalms seem to have been written for marching bands of pilgrims. The psalms assigned for our study in this lesson were so designed. How much it helps marching men to forget their weariness and to keep in step when they can sing together! A training school for the Air Corps was conducted at my college during the war. The men used to march singing, to and from classes. How we missed hearing their clear, hearty young voices when training was over! If we had lived by the side of some road leading to Jerusalem in Bible times we would have heard marching bands of pilgrims singing, "I was glad when they said unto me, let us go into the house of the Lord. Our feet shall stand within thy gates, O Jerusalem."

This psalm is credited to David. It certainly breathes his spirit. "Glad" is almost too tame a word to describe his love for the tabernacle of his God. It was only a tent and he longed to build more permanently, yet it symbolized

(Continued on page 48)



"MANY years ago, during a visit to Moody Bible Institute, my mother learned about the Moody Annuity Plan, under which money given to the Institute for its work also brings a sure financial return. Later she became a Moody annuitant under a survivorship agreement, which transferred the annuity to me upon her death. Now she has gone into the presence of the King, but the returns are still being realized in another generation.

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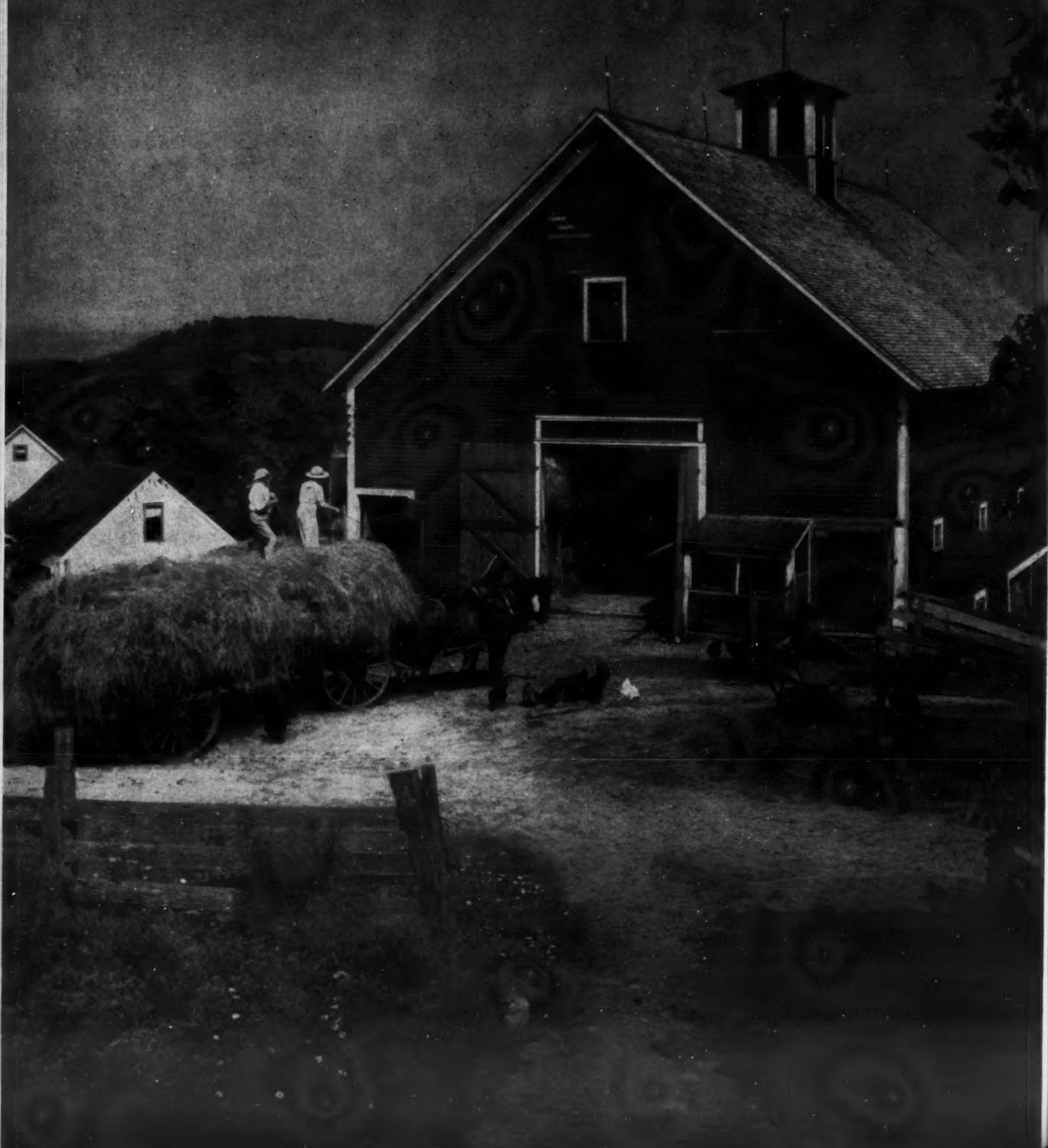
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*"The hay appeareth, and the tender grass
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PROVERBS 27:23





• AT HOME •

PRESIDENT'S COMMITTEE: It was a unique committee that sponsored a two-day national conference in Washington beginning May 25. In a city that abounds in agencies, bureaus, and commissions, this is altogether different. It is The President's Committee on Religion and Welfare in the Armed Forces. It places religion at the top among all the agencies available for the moral welfare of servicemen. For the first time in American history, a presidential committee has been so named and charged. It is unusual not alone because the churches as well as welfare agencies generally are officially specified to meet an emergency and although originated in Washington, there is not a professional politician among the seven men and two women.

The Committee was created last October to meet a need—the magnitude and alarming aspects of which Americans were unaware. At the request of the President, it summoned leaders from many fields to Washington. They were reminded how, following V-J Day, demobilization proceeded with hectic speed and that community organizations maintained for servicemen and also local church groups were even swifter than the armed forces in leaving the field. Falsely assuming that their mission had been completed, the churches settled back into apathy and indifference so that today the peacetime wearer of the uniform has become America's forgotten man.

Eighty national organizations—religious, ecclesiastical, social service, veteran groups, and others—were represented at the conference by 476 specialists in their fields who came from thirty-two states and the District of Columbia. Among the alarming disclosures made to these delegates was the nation's moral and spiritual neglect of 1,600,000 members of our armed forces in communities adjacent to army camps and naval installations. This tragic neglect of the largest number of men ever enrolled in peacetime military service is particularly ominous because of the youth of the enlisted men. Seventy per cent of the 700,000, who entered the service in 1948, had not yet reached their twenty-first birthdays. They are boys with more money in

their pockets and more time on their hands over weekends than any former servicemen ever possessed.

Faced then with such a situation, the Committee on Religion and Welfare in the Armed Forces asked the Washington National Conference how the community could meet its responsibility to peacetime service men and women. As to the churches, would they again as in wartime extend their protective influences to youths in uniform during their leisure by furnishing wholesome entertainment and recreation as well as a place in the family pew? The Conference was reminded that never is a camp established but the destructive forces—the saloon, brothel, and gambling den—are quickly organized to snare and exploit the man in uniform. Mrs. Eugene Meyer, one of the evening's speakers, described these as "dark birds of prey that cooperate instinctively as good people seldom can or do."

During the Conference, it was pointed out that an occasional minister, because of scruples against the military establishment, might not cooperate with the Committee and Conference program, but, it was pointed out, this program had nothing to do with putting 1,600,000 young Americans into uniform. Whatever our attitude toward armed defense; toward the draft, or UMT, churchmen and churches should play an immediate part in aiding every youth to complete his service to his country with his ideals untarnished and his devotion unimpaired. This will require nationwide cooperation of all faiths and religious bodies as well as of other community agencies.

President Truman made a stirring address before the Conference at its opening session. The enlarged and reactivated USO was asked to accept responsibility, in consultation with other community agencies, for community conferences to organize and activate programs for service men and women. Also, the National Red Cross, the Federal Service Agency, the welfare organizations of all faiths, and the Community Chest are united in this supremely vital program for the nation's youth.

The members of the President's Committee are: Mr. Frank L. Weil, chairman, president, National Welfare Assembly, New York; Miss Dorothy

Enderis, educator, Milwaukee; Mr. Truman Gibson, attorney, Chicago; Dr. Lindsley F. Kimball, vice president, Rockefeller Foundation, New York; Mr. Mark A. McCloskey, director, Division of Community Education, Board of Education, New York; Mr. Basil O'Connor, president, American National Red Cross, New York; Dr. Daniel A. Poling, editor, CHRISTAIN HERALD, New York; Mrs. Ferdinand Powell, Sr., civic leader, Johnson City, Tenn.; Dr. Edmund A. Walsh, vice president, Georgetown University, Washington, D. C. D.A.P.

FORD: We need to keep two items straight about the recent Ford strike. The first is that it was forced on both company and labor by the Communist-led, 59,000 member, Rouge Local 600 of the United Automotive Workers. The second is that Henry Ford III is still fighting the battle against organized labor which began with his late grandfather's bitter hatred of the unions.

This strike was an unavoidable mistake. Walter Reuther, the smart strategist of UAW, didn't want it at all; he was forced to go along. (Is labor running wild, against the best judgment of its own leaders?) The Ford Company was quite ready to arbitrate from the start, but the Red element didn't want arbitration. It wanted a slowdown and confusion, which is what it got.

We can hardly blame the Ford workers for objecting to the "speed-up" orders of the past few months at the Rouge plant. But they were certainly speeded into a most unprofitable strike by agitators who are worse leaders at their best than Henry Ford I or Henry Ford III have ever been.

TRIAL: The Communist trial in New York City is become a legalistic babbling brook; it just goes on and on and on. Already there are 1500 pages of objections listed by the defense. It has been two years since the beginning of the grand jury investigation which brought about the indictment of the eleven Commies now on trial, and the most conservative observers are saying that it will take at least another two years before the final results are known—and after that we will see it taken to the Supreme Court.

It is long and costly, but it is highly worth while. For what the trial is trying to tell us about Communism in the United States is this: that American Communists take their orders from Moscow; that they are not a political party but a subversive organization of believers in violence set upon destroying the American way of life; that they are studying in schools which teach that violence is necessary to replace capitalism in this country with Communism; that this "party" has aimed at the "colonizing" of American industry,

and is attempting to set up a Negro republic in the South.

The defense may prove otherwise; at least it will try. But the evidence against them, to date, is devastating. They will pose as "friends of peace" (advocating force!) and as the advocates of social progress (progress to what?). They will hedge and dodge and delay as long as possible, but they will never erase from the American mind the conviction, now firmly implanted there by this trial, that Communism is a snake in the American grass, and that no Communist can ever be a good American.

FBI: Without the FBI, this Communist trial wouldn't amount to much; the undercover men of that organization are the nemesis of the men in the prisoner's box. And without the presence of Edgar Hoover, the FBI probably wouldn't amount to much, either.

Mr. Hoover has been head of this amazing organization for just twenty-five years. In 1924, Attorney General Harlan F. Stone picked Hoover, a 29-year-old unknown, for the job of reorganizing the politics-cursed, almost demoralized FBI. Most of the country then asked, "Who's Edgar Hoover?" We soon found out. The young man had ideas. He put the test-tube and the microscope in place of the old rubber hose. He cornered Machine Gun Kelley, Baby Face Nelson, Pretty Boy Floyd and last but not least the unspeakable Dillinger.

Today, with twenty-five years of brilliant triumph behind him, Mr. Hoover is still after bank robbers, interstate motor thieves, and kidnappers. And Communists. He probably thinks less of the Reds than any other fifty men in the country—and so far as we're concerned, we hope he stays right where he is for another twenty-five years. He's in a good spot!

We salute Mr. Hoover: cop extraordinary, and Christian gentleman.

RESOURCES: Americans have been notoriously disinterested in guarding their most important lifeline: their natural resources. Now, confronted with the possibility of seeing those resources largely destroyed, the National Emergency Conference on Resources comes up with the suggestion that we have a TVA-type series of projects in every great river valley in the country, and in many other basins. They claim that by using the instrument of a Government lending agency, lending some \$13 billion over a ten-year period at interest rates arranged to meet conservation needs, they could do it without asking the taxpayer for a penny!

It's strange but it's true: Congress just doesn't seem interested in this idea at all. Can this be because Congress is lobby-conscious, and aware of big corporations in their territories, and hesi-

tant to "butt in on private interests"? It could be! If it is, somebody ought to tell the Congressmen that they are there to represent all the people, and not part of them.

The time is ripe for something to be done. Ripe to stop thinking in terms of votes, and start thinking in terms of soil erosion and fertility, forestry, wild life, electric power and atomic power—and the people!

COURIER'S CUES: Reports that Mr. Dewey will run the third time are completely false. . . . Watch for Mrs. Perle S. Mesta, "official hostess of the White House," to be appointed U. S. Ambassador to the Netherlands. . . . Spain is in line for a big U. S. loan; we may despise Franco, but Spain's strategic position, come another war, is important. . . . Hollywood is tearing its hair over swift decline in movie business; well, what did Hollywood expect? . . . Television sets out-sell radio sets, by a tremendous margin. . . . Rent increases, generally, will be about 5 percent. . . . The Ford strike is only a dress rehearsal for a bigger one, due July 15. . . . Taft-Hartley Act, as we predicted, will *not* be repealed; there will be a compromise keeping most of its provisions. . . . Washington observers are now convinced that there won't be a tax increase this year. . . . Nor will the excise taxes be pared; thus the status quo will prevail in taxes for a while yet. . . . Compulsory health insurance will not be enacted this year.

• ABROAD •

CHINA: While the Nationalist regime in China seems to be going through the last feeble motions of defense as we go to press, this may be more, significantly more, than wasted motion. Chiang Kai-shek has not dropped entirely out of the picture. Those who really know their China honor him for what he has done and is still trying to do, alone and unaided.

Now comes a letter to the Senate Foreign Relations Committee and the House Foreign Affairs Committee from two officials of the Foreign Missions Conference of North America, opposing any further *military aid* to Nationalist China, on the ground that such aid *would arouse the antagonism of the vast majority of the Chinese people*, but that non-intervention would *preserve* the long-standing friendship between the U. S. and China. That letter represents the sincere convictions of the men who wrote it, but it does not represent a growing body of opinion in missionary circles in China and among the informed at home who watch with growing concern the tightening of Communist restrictions.

Before we leave China, we would just like to record the reported No. 1 Rule of one Communist army. It is a

rule to the effect that the victorious soldiery "take not one needle, not one piece of thread, from the people!" To a people who have been taxed almost to death for years, that means something! But what the Communists will take from them now that they have the governmental whip in their hands, may be something, too!

ASIA: Indo-China has 27 million and Indonesia has 70 million people still struggling to free themselves from a colonial status. As the Chinese Communists sweep toward Canton, they look beyond that city to these two countries, to Burma and Thailand as well and to the rest of Asia where they see a total of 674 million Orientals who, being colonials or ex-colonials, may have a closer affinity to the Chinese Communists than they have to the West. That's a bitter pill to swallow—but do we need to swallow it? Congressman Walter Judd, General Claire Chennault and others don't think so.

While we lie awake nights worrying about Asia, we might keep in mind the fact that direct *interference* from Russia or her effort to "Russianize" China and all of Asia would be quite as unpopular as anything this country could attempt.

GERMANY: Winning in Asia, Communism (Russian pattern) faces a bad setback in Europe. The blockade in Berlin has been lifted. Minor confusions are still reported as trucks on the roads that lead into Berlin are held up by the Russians, but they may be only minor. Food and supplies are going in, on the ground, as they have not gone in since the air-lift was organized.

What does it mean? On the face of it, it indicates a Russian change of mind if not of heart. The air lift beat them; short of shooting those planes out of the air, they were helpless against it. The Allies had the steadier nerves. That's the first real victory of the cold war.

It may also be indicative of the growing conviction that Russia has her back to her own iron curtain. We've said again and again that there is real trouble behind that curtain; Russia is finding it increasingly difficult to finance and feed her puppet states. The Kremlin cranks bit off more than they could chew.

And as Mr. Churchill reminds us, Russia has succeeded not at all in frightening the Western world to its knees, but only in *uniting the world against her*. That's important. Fear of the striking power of such a united world has at last trickled through the hard Russian skull; they know now that while they thought they were moving in on the democracies, the democracies have slowly been forging an iron ring around Russia!

So they change their tactics. At the

CHRISTIAN HERALD

U. N., Mr. Gromyko has discovered a new word; he no longer limits himself to "No." Now he occasionally says "Maybe." Things are looking up!

But also there is this to consider: While we hold the front door in Europe, is Russia carrying the hope of democracy and freedom out through the back door in Asia?

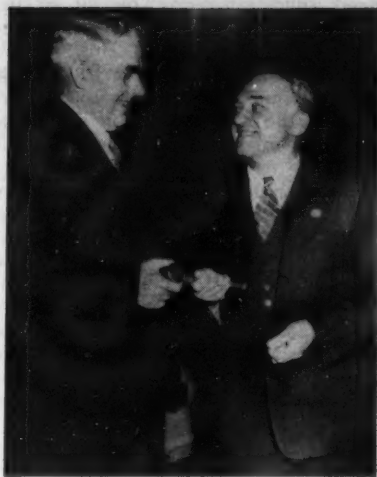
WHIP HAND: Strange as it seems, it is the German people and not the Allies nor the Russians who hold the whip hand in Germany. The "conquered" can bring peace to the West, or draw along the Rhine a string of armed fortresses which will have to be maintained by Russians and anti-Russians for years to come.

The 65 million people in Germany, united in anti-Communism, can tip the scales in favor of the democracies; conversely, if they allow themselves to be drawn under the red flag of Russia, they can put the West in a very bad *defensive* position. Our guess at this point is that they will *not* go Communist. They have seen Stalin's "liberators" strip the Eastern zone in Germany of raw materials and productive machinery; they have watched those Germans living under the British and Americans eat, and those under the Russians go hungry. They have felt the impact of merciless Russian power, and they don't like it; Russia's strength in Germany has turned out to be her weakness. Millions of Germans, with time to consider life under the Allies and life under the hammer-and-sickle, have made up their minds about it.

They want *neither* the Allies nor the Russians, nor probably the forms of government represented by either occupying force. *They want their own way, their own form of government.* They want neither Democracy nor Communism—but they want Communism least of the two. And they are becoming more and more insistent that they be allowed to choose for themselves which way they shall go. Eventually, they will have to be granted every reasonable consideration, but with United Nations controls that insure against another war-mongering totalitarian leadership.

SPAIN: Franco Spain is much in the news—and in the arguments of the man in the street. The U. N. is more friendly to this Spain than it has been for years; so is the United States.

We stood on a Washington curbstone last month, watching the parade staged for Brazil's President Dutra. Representing our line of defense against unpredictable Argentina, Dr. Dutra had come to Washington to ask for a paltry \$150 million; he'll probably get it; that's petty cash. A man next to us, on the curb, asked us, "When do you 'spose Franco will come to see us?" A good question, brother. Sooner or later,



RENS PHOTOS

NEW CHURCH HEADS: Upper right: The Rev. Abraham Rynbrandt (seated) president, General Synod, Reformed Church in America with Dr. Henry A. Vruwink, vice president. Above: Dr. Clifford E. Barbour (right) moderator, Presbyterian Church in U.S.A. and his predecessor, Dr. Jesse Hays Baird. Right: Tim J. Campbell (left) moderator, United Presbyterian Church and Dr. Arthur H. Baldinger, the retiring head.

he'll be here, and with his hand out.

Let's put the arguments for and against Franco and Franco's Spain. He is a ruthless dictator. His Spain is no better than Hitler's Germany or Mussolini's Italy. He has thousands of political prisoners in his jails, and thousands more walking the streets, released from jail under "watched liberty." He refuses to allow non-Catholics to publicly practice their faith. His record is a butcher's record, and that's that.

On the other hand, Spain is the most uncompromising foe of Communism in Europe. It is linked tightly, economically, to Western Europe, and it could do a lot to bring about the success of the Marshall Plan in Europe. As a last ditch of defense against a possible Russian military movement, the Pyrenees are vitally important. In the struggle for existence between the ideologies of Russia and the West, Spain is of greater importance than most of us think.

The only question we have to settle is this: shall we swallow our disgust and distrust of Franco, in order to defend ourselves more effectively against that greater power which we distrust more, or shall we stand aloof, in righteous disdain, of the butcher of Spain? High morals or political intrigue—aye, that is the question! *You* settle it, if you can!

• CHURCH NEWS •

CHAPEL: Laymen are being urged by Dr. Walter Van Kirk, of the Federal Council, to write the Hon. Trygve Lie, Secretary-General of the United Na-



tions, voicing their approval of Lie's suggestion that a chamber for prayer and meditation be set up in the new U. N. building now under construction in Manhattan. Even those who don't like the Federal Council ought to get behind this one.

There have been complaints all across the country that God and religion are noticeable by their absence in the U. N. That's strange; even a diplomat ought to know that the basis of world peace is spiritual. An invitation to approach their problems in a spiritual frame of mind might help.

Why not a chapel? Can anybody object? There is a very forthright invitation to conviviality at the present U. N. headquarters: they have one of the finest bars in town! Why *not* a room for God, now that they've already provided a nice cozy corner for Barleycorn?

NEWSPAPER: There is a real move getting up steam for a national American Protestant newspaper. Directing it we find some of the most capable leaders in American Protestantism—Robert W. Searle, Wynn C. Fairfield, Mark Dawber, Samuel McCrea Calvert, William

Ward Ayer, among numerous others.

It will be a weekly, with city or area editions stressing news and religious matters of local as well as wider interests. It will represent both conservative and liberal points of view, and publish the news of all denominations. The staff of Life and Time, Inc. have already made a survey of needs and operating costs. And the leaders estimate that they will need two million dollars in the bank before they start their presses rolling.

We're for it. Protestantism needs a national newspaper, and such men as these—with the aid of real journalists not yet mentioned—can do it. But they'll need a lot more than two million dollars. *Good* newspapers, at the start, must expect to lose more than that before they get enough circulation and advertising to become self-supporting. It will take a backlog of ten million; if they start with less than that, they're building on sand.

It will be a rough road, at first. Newspaper-readers do not change their habits nor their papers overnight; they are reading very fine newspapers now, and it will take a *mighty* good one to make them change. Few laymen will plunk down a nickel for another paper unless it has unusual merit. But go to it, gentlemen of the Protestant fourth estate. May God go with you, and may Protestantism get behind you!

SURVEY: The Methodists, historically, have been a people wide awake and ready to try anything. They are also a huge organization—and organizations can sometimes become so cumbersome as to get in the way of real success. To prevent that, the Methodists have just set up a 26-member Church Survey Commission to make an impartial survey of all general boards, commissions, and service agencies of the Church. It will take four years.

Methodism claims some 8,651,000 members; last year they spent for all purposes some \$194 million dollars. The estimated value of Methodist cash, investments, real estate, buildings and equipment is about one and one-half billion dollars. Did we say huge? A set-up like that needs careful checking—and Protestant organizations seldom get careful checking. They seem to run, as some sailors used to run their ships, "by guess and by God." And by traditional methods that just don't produce.

Our editorial hat is off to the Methodists.

FOES: Certain very striking words of wisdom came out of the recent meeting of the National Association of Evangelicals at Chicago. To wit: "The five major foes of Christian missions in the world of today are Communism, secularism, racism, materialism, and Mohammedanism." That calls for some

good solid pondering by all of us.

Discussing the problem of Communism (who isn't?), Dr. Howard W. Ferrin said: "We should not condemn Communism in a wholesale manner. . . . There are elements in the Communist ideology that parallel the ethical and moral requirements of the Christian faith, for surely Christianity is concerned with the individual and his welfare. . . . Christianity and Communism might be a parallel at some points, but when Communism promises a materialistic Utopia, Christianity in its more profound understanding of human nature and the pitfalls into which it falls, warns against an over-emphasis upon materialism lest the spiritual and moral suffer from it."

We like that. Instead of standing around like lost sheep while Communism steals the best out of Christianity, why doesn't Christianity take the best out of Communism, and fight the rest of it to the death?

LECTURES: The Lyman Beecher Lectures at Yale Divinity School have become a great American institution; they are always good. Next year they will be somewhat better than good. *Laymen* will give them!

Charles P. Taft, Moderator Helen Kenyon of the Congregational-Christian Churches, President Wriston of Brown University, President Fleming of Ohio-Wesleyan and Edmund W. Sinnott of the Yale Division of the Sciences will be on the platform. Miss Kenyon is the first woman ever asked to deliver a Beecher lecture.

We're enthusiastic about this. Trouble with the average seminary graduate, when he comes from his cloister to take the world by the ears, is that he knows too little about the world he is about to take. He knows systematic theology; he knows all about the Synod of Dort and the South Galatian Theory. But of the pain and needs and tribulations of modern man, and how to meet them, he knows next to nothing. Laymen lecturing can tell him a lot. Somehow, we're sorry there isn't a police chief, or a juvenile court judge, or a newspaper editor in this list. But it's still good. Let's have a little more of it.

• TEMPERANCE •

WHOSE BUSINESS? We saw a drunk arrested on the streets of New York City the other day; waiting for the patrol wagon to roll up, he made a speech. He had quite an audience, most of them grinning. He said, among other things: "What are ye arrestin' me fer? If I take a drink, ain't that *my* business?"

Maybe he's right. Maybe it is his business; aside from being the most disgusting sight in New York that day, he wasn't too much of a social menace. He was too far gone for that. But accepting his individualistic argument in

toto, let's see what liquor can do—and is doing—to the individual.

Male alcoholics in American industry lose an average of 22 working days per year; that represents pay money out of the individual's pocket. And it means a total loss of 29,700,000 working days to industry—which means money out of industry's pocket. The alcoholic is responsible for 1500 fatal accidents at work per year; that many individuals he kills. He kills 2,850 more at home, in public places and in traffic.

What do you mean, "Ain't it *my* business?"

SAILORS: Drunken sailors in Cuba and the Dominican Republic made the headlines last month; they started young riots in both places with their alcoholic antics. It took some diplomatic maneuvering to get the fuss settled.

But we wonder about it, hating liquor as we do. Why should this bring about an international incident? Cuba and Santo Domingo are not exactly dry; they have plenty of drunkenness in their own blood. And why pour coals of fire on the head of the entire Navy for what a few boys did? By and large, Navy boys ashore are pretty well behaved. Some of us can remember the days when a fleet anchored in a port meant that women stayed off the streets; that isn't true now. The Navy isn't a refuge for stumblebums; personnel requirements are definitely up. The fleet was in New York City not so long ago, and insofar as trouble with the boys ashore was concerned—well, you'd hardly have known the fleet was there.

We are not excusing the boys; what they did was not strictly their business! But we do wonder at the Navy's double standard which does *not* frown on officers drinking in nice highbrow bars ashore, while it lets the boys shift for themselves in the bars of the hoi polloi. What's sauce for the goose ought to be sauce for the gander!

BEER: Those who make beer and want to sell it spent \$60 million in beer advertising in 1948. But—

There was a drop of 70,237,661 gallons (about 906,292,400 average glasses of beer) in 1948 as compared with 1947, according to government figures.

Beer consumption over the bar has dropped 40 to 60 percent in the last three months of the year.

The sale of beer took a bad licking in two local option elections: one in Chickasaw County, Mississippi, by more than a vote of 2-1, and another in Rutherford County, North Carolina, where the vote was 14-1 against the low-brow beverage that the industry is trying to make respectable.

We guess Lincoln must have been right: you just don't fool all the people all the time.

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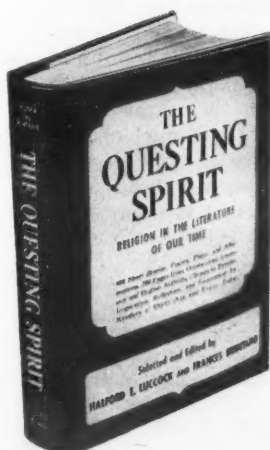
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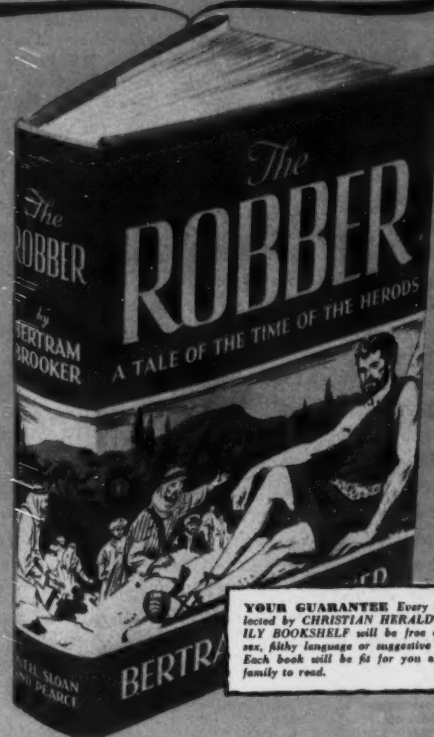


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Editorially Speaking...

• FOURTEEN BISHOPS SPEAK FOR US

THANK God for the fourteen American Methodist bishops* who issued their personal statement in support of the Atlantic Pact! That statement is, in effect, a timely answer to the attacks on the Pact released by the Foreign Missions Conference as well as by the World Peace Commission of the Methodist Church.

The statement of the Foreign Missions Conference was printed as representing "29 million Protestants." We deny the figure. Here are fourteen Methodist bishops *misrepresented* by that statement, as by every similar statement—and you may add *CHRISTIAN HERALD* to the list. We believe that overwhelmingly all Protestant Christians are represented by the fourteen bishops and misrepresented by the Foreign Missions Conference. The fourteen bishops courteously call attention to the fact that while the World Peace Commission, composed of twenty-seven members, including bishops, ministers and laymen, "is entirely free to express itself [it] has no authority nor does it purpose to speak for the Methodist Church."

Also, Congressman Walter Judd of Minnesota is misrepresented by the Conference statement, for he faced

*J. W. E. Bowen, Atlanta; Fred P. Corson, Philadelphia; Charles W. Flint, Washington D. C.; Marvin A. Franklin, Jackson, Miss.; Costen J. Harrell, Charlotte, N. C.; Ivan Lee Holt and Edward W. Kelly, St. Louis; John Wesley Lord, Boston; Paul E. Martin, Little Rock, Ark.; Arthur J. Moore, Atlanta; Clare Purcell, Birmingham, Ala.; A. Frank Smith, Houston; W. Angie Smith, Oklahoma City; William T. Watkins, Louisville, Ky.

• LEST WE FORGET

CHAPLAIN DICK J. OOSTENINK is a young clergyman of the Christian Reformed Church who has a sense of mission. I met him in Korea where troop morale has inevitably deteriorated as a result of statements, misstatements, and rumors concerning the early withdrawal of our armed forces. For all of these, high-placed military and civilians have both been responsible.

Not even in the remote islands of the Pacific have I seen greater dejection and let-down than I saw in Seoul. The dirtiest fellow I met on my long journey, I found in Korea. He was also a very bright lad who seemed to be on duty day and night and who just didn't care.

Koreans themselves are divided on the question of our withdrawal, and the better informed are greatly concerned about it. But overwhelmingly they support President Rhee in believing that Korea can handle the situation that may develop in North Korea—"if there is no outside interference." It is the big and ominous "if" that bothers them. However, President Rhee who has opposed our withdrawal has come now, and reluctantly, to fear the mounting opposition to our presence in uniform. His leadership would be seriously threatened were he to insist that we remain longer in any other capacity than as advisers and consultants. Our own civilians and the nationals of other countries are genuinely concerned for the result, but agree that the "honeymoon" is over and that the Koreans in their new pride of freedom resent our presence. Of course the Communists have worked

the Conference on its own ground and challenged the attack of these sincere gentlemen who have the unhappy faculty of issuing statements that, in such matters as the Atlantic Pact, support the spokesmen of anti-God totalitarianism. As published, the declaration of the Foreign Missions Conference was not even prefaced with "We believe" or "It is our opinion." It was entirely without the commendatory grace of modesty.

Well, we others "believe"—and believe as sincerely as the Foreign Missions Conference denies—that the Atlantic Pact is a document of peace and not of war. We also believe that unless we adopt the Pact and realistically activate what it represents, we shall get the third world war no one of us wants.

I read the release of the Foreign Missions Conference while flying down from Alaska after nearly 29,000 miles of air travel to the islands of the Pacific, Japan, the Philippines, Korea and China. It was a heavy blow in the face. It left me stunned, indignant and grieved. But chiefly I was grieved. Let men speak out, let speech be free and unrestrained; but unless this business of "representing 29 million Protestants" every time an agency of our united Protestantism misrepresents so many of us is stopped, there is serious trouble ahead.

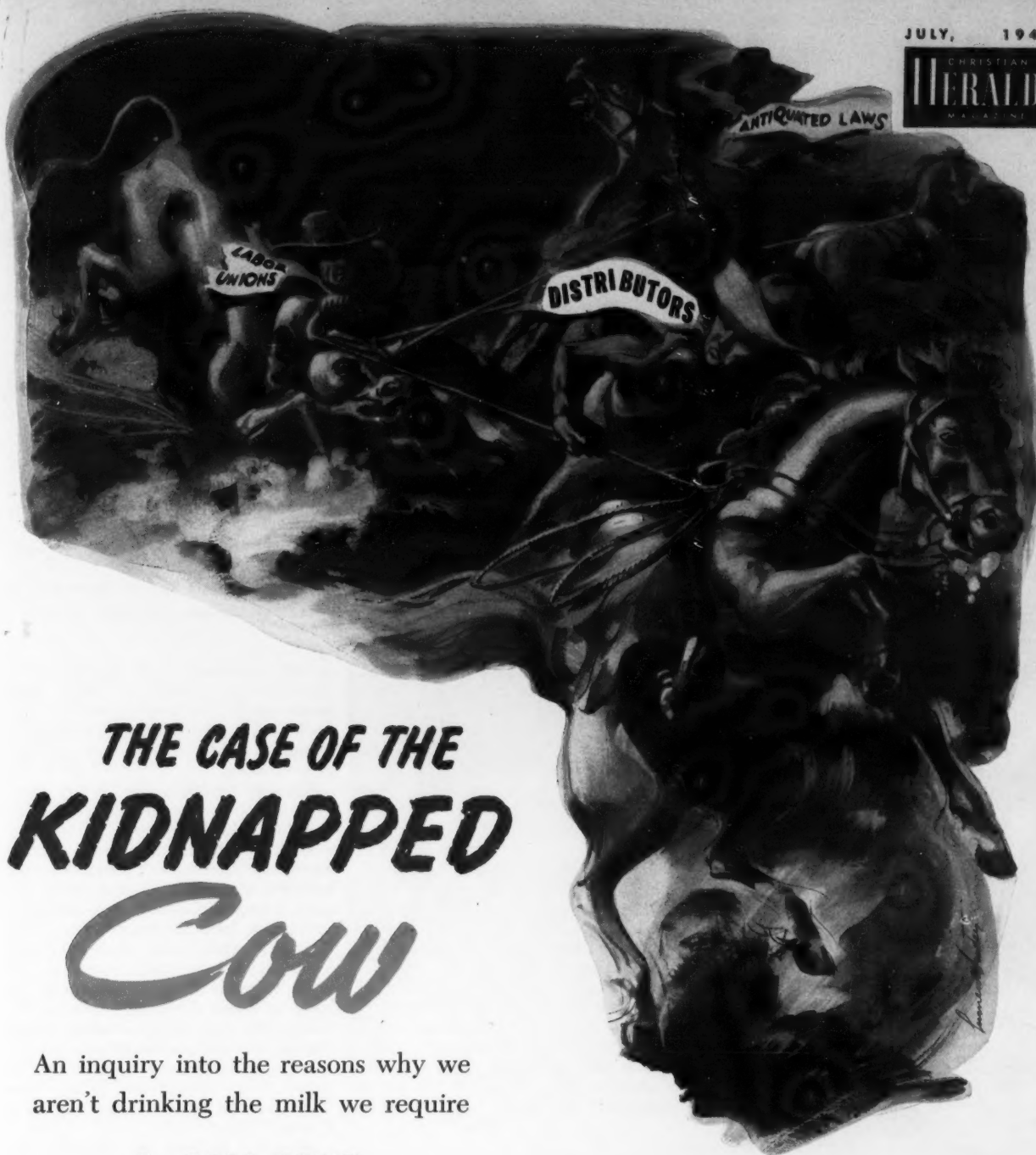
We close as we began: Thank God for fourteen bishops who claim to represent no others than themselves, but who so speak as to actually represent millions of their fellow Protestants.

assiduously to create and strengthen this ill feeling.

In such an atmosphere and having packed and repacked at least twice, American boys at the "end of the line" just aren't in a state of mind to keep their fingernails clean and to be careful of other matters more important. But one man in Korea hasn't let down. Chaplain Oostenink is intensifying rather than relaxing his efforts. He said something to me that I pass on to you, and "you" particularly who are the home pastors, some 400,000 of whom subscribe to and read *CHRISTIAN HERALD*. "It is my observation," said the chaplain, "in working with new trainees in Fort Ord, California, and here in Korea, that too many soldiers having left home with loving farewells from family and pastor are neglected and forgotten. Too many pastors fail to keep in touch with their men who some day will return to their hometowns, their homes and their churches. There isn't much chance for these men to come back better or as good as they went away unless their home folks, *pastors included*, continue to show eager and sincere interest in them."

Daniel A. Poling

EDITOR OF *CHRISTIAN HERALD*



THE CASE OF THE KIDNAPPED COW

An inquiry into the reasons why we
aren't drinking the milk we require

By ERIC GWYN

MILK is the most nearly perfect food, as everyone knows by now. No other health lesson has ever been taught for so many years so emphatically or so widely. Yet we are drinking much less milk than we should. We consume, per capita, only about as much as we did in 1918. During the war, when wages were high; when there was a ceiling on milk prices and many other foods were rationed, we went on a milk-drinking spree. But now we are sliding back again toward the cup-and-a-half a day per person, which, with minor ups and downs, was our national fluid milk intake for a quarter of a century.

According to data published by the Milk Industry Foundation, we drank less milk per person in 1948 than in 1947, less in 1947 than in 1946, and less in 1946 than in 1945.

Among the nations of the world, before the war, the United States ranked only sixth in per capita consumption of milk—trailing Finland, Switzerland, Sweden, Canada and Denmark.

Public-health officials are deeply concerned over the recent drop in milk consumption, especially in the world's largest market, the New York-New Jersey metropolitan area, where the use of milk is only about a tablespoonful a day per person more than it was twenty years ago. Dr. Samuel Frant, New York's First Deputy Health Commissioner, recently wrote the mayor: "Depriving our children of milk means a slowing down of their once magnificent growth. It means listlessness and apathy. It means a decrease in resistance to disease. It means poor (Continued on page 51)



Ma Fielding's Silver Lining

By ALMA ROBISON HIGBEE

LIKE a condemned prisoner, Ma Fielding watched the little black hands climb the face of the kitchen clock. Little hands hurrying around as though they had an important engagement to keep.

For Ma Fielding, the clouds were dark and dreary, with never a silver lining in sight. Soon now, the children would crowd into the front parlor, where only last week Pa Fielding had lain with the pale hand of death on his quiet brow. Soon now, the children, talking in their detached way, would dispose of Ma's future, and Ma would leave her home to the new owners and go to live with the children. Ma would have no home of her own, ever again. When they arrived, the children would decide who of them would take her for the first three months, for she was to spend three months out of the year with each of them. That had been George's idea.

Thinking it over, she felt that the children would hate it almost as much as she. Almost! She put her hand to her throat, where, beneath the new lace collar, a pulse of pain beat hotly. "Make me strong, dear Father," she prayed silently. "Father, don't let me care too much!"

Old dreams followed her as she went about the kitchen, sorting china, towels, utensils. Memories of a tall young man carrying his bride across this threshold came to haunt her. Memories of tots in brief skirts and rompers, brown children with the summer sun tangled in their bright tresses. Memory of hungry boys and girls coming home from school, of teen-aged young things



"Why not let Mother herself decide where she wants to stay?"
Unnoticed, Cliff had come to the door. Helga stood behind him.

ILLUSTRATOR: ISABEL DAWSON

whispering secrets behind their hands. Memories of her girls as brides, going into homes of their own, of her sons bringing home their wives. Then two together again, their faces turned toward life's autumn . . . and peace. One left now—Ma Fielding, going to live with the children.

Carefully she sorted things into neat piles, one to take, the other to leave. Like tearing her heart in half, leaving part of it behind. The best silver, worn thin, the monogram gown dim with years—she would take that. Pa had given it to her. The children's silver spoons, their name-engraved cups, these she could not leave. She had no grandchildren who would treasure them; only Charlie's two girls, thin and nervous like Clara. Ma had never understood her two granddaughters.

Perhaps Helga would like the embroidered towels and the stove lifters. She had no time to make pretty things. She could use the bedding too. The big preserving kettle. Helga was the only one who would ever need that. The hot, sweet scent of grapes ripening on the vines came to Ma and she tried to imagine making preserves in Kate's smart Washington house, or in Margaret's modern apartment.

Remembering her last visit to Kate's, Ma shuddered. Famous people came and went there, talking smart, clipped talk which Ma did not understand. A week at Kate's had seemed long. Now she must spend three months out of each year with Kate and Mark. Kate's hairdresser would yank her hair out of its comfortable knot and make a fancy "do" on top. She would be zipped into

stays and buttoned into a dress with too little back and not enough sleeves. She dreaded the three months in Washington.

It would be no better with Charles and Clara. She would hear the petulant complaining of her spoiled granddaughters and listen to the gossip of Clara and her friends and the days would be endless.

Perhaps at Margaret's she might find a little something to do; at least she could fix Margaret's clothes, sew on snaps, do odds and ends of mending. Margaret spent a great deal on clothes and her extravagance worried Ma. Margaret spent her time with a group of young matrons whose ultimate aim in life was playing an expert game of bridge. That was Margaret's own business, of course. Ma never tried to run anyone else's life. She did wish that she could like Margaret's husband, George, a little better.

THE best three months would be spent with Cliff and Helga, even if she did have to sleep on the couch. In spite of their crowded three-room apartment, she could find work to do. She still couldn't understand Cliff. He was the quiet one, who had always loved the farm. He never came back to it, after the war, though. He had married the daughter of a railroad section boss and gone to live in town. When Pa suggested that they come home, Cliff shook his head. "We're better on our own," he said. Nothing could change that.

When the bell rang, Ma closed the cupboard door with hands that shook,

smoothed her graying hair and went to open the door. It was Kate and Mark.

"Mother, you look tired." Kate, her second child, was a handsome woman of thirty-five. "Did you hear who bought the place?"

"Mr. Larkin didn't say." Ma led the way into the parlor. "Sit there by the window, Mark. It's cool here, don't you think?"

"I do hope you're going to be sensible about leaving this junk here, Mother." Kate sat down, took off her hat and smoothed the even waves of her hair.

"George will take care of that." Mark fingered a gold chain across his slightly bulging vest.

"Well, the bedroom furniture . . ." Ma pressed the pleat in her second-best black silk with nervous fingers. "My rose-spray china and . . ."

"Mother, you can't drag a four poster around with you," Kate said and laughed. "We have a bed for you at our house. I imagine Clara and Charles will want you first. . . ."

Ma remembered the bed she had slept in while in Washington. It had no "give" to it.

"Here's Charles and Clara," she said, and went to let them in.

"Come in, children," Ma greeted them. Charles, her eldest, was a physician with a substantial practice in Wilton. He was growing a little stout but he was still handsome. Ma was very proud of him. He kissed her and Clara distorted her features into a meager smile. She looked colder and

(Continued on page 60)



All photos by Clarence L. MacDonald, Parsons, Kan.

The Merle Grooms of Bartlesville, Okla., at their family devotions. Donna Sue, 10, turns a page in the Bible; Wanda Lou, 8, and Olin, 13, peer over their mother's shoulder; little Bobby Joe, 7, looks on from the floor.



MEET THE

Grooms Family

THE first thing you notice on entering the home of Mr. and Mrs. Merle Grooms is the piano. It looks friendly, looks well used. Second thing that strikes your eye is something outside the window. Leaning against the front porch and scattered over the lawn are anywhere from two to a dozen bicycles.

The piano is a symbol. Merle and Elizabeth Grooms never had much time for music in their lives, although they love singing and he can play the piano in a sort of fashion. But three of

their four children take music lessons. The \$17 a month the lessons cost is a sizeable part of the family budget. But a very necessary, a very happy, part.

The bicycles help to explain why the Grooms home in Bartlesville, Oklahoma has no green grass. Last summer Mrs. Grooms was given enough sod for the whole front lawn—a neighbor was doing some landscaping and had Bermuda grass sod to spare. But the grass quickly died. That was when the family decided “we can either have a lawn

or bicycles, but we can't have both.” (A lady next door paid them the perfect tribute. “I'm so glad the Grooms family moved here,” she said. “It gives the children some place to play.”)

Merle Grooms is head maintenance electrician of a 225-employee concern, the Reda Pump Company. It is, he explains, the only centrifugal deep-well pump made for oil or water or brine. The pump and a unique cylindrical motor fit inside the well-casing, which may be as small as 4½ or as large as 8 inches. “Competitors said no one

Here's a home that has been built on a solid foundation of faith; into it has gone fun, good health, and music • By FRED B. BARTON

could mount brass bushings (which are the bearings for the shaft) inside the magnetic field," he explains briefly. "But our company did it. That's what the patents cover." These units often operate as far down as 2,000 feet; some of them also are shallow and small enough for household use.

Grooms himself has nothing to do with the production end of the pump business. His job is to service some of the semi-automatic lathes and drills and sundry machines, many of them with as high as six motors and a series of relay switches. Also to re-connect any piece of machinery when it is moved, and to run new extension lights and other such jobs. In case of breakdown it is the electrician who is called first. If he finds the trouble is mechanical he turns the job over to a mechanic.

THE job keeps Merle busy from 7:30 in the morning till 4 in the afternoon, plus Saturday mornings. If there is an emergency he is available at other times: the job comes first. A while back a special motor had to be cleaned up and re-wound overnight. "Take it home and wind it in your own shop," said the plant superintendent. "Then give us a separate bill."

Between the job with Reda and sparetime earnings from his home shop, Merle Grooms averages \$4,500 a year. This is not a fortune in the oil territory where the Grooms make their home. He stretches his income by keeping the family car in repair himself—something of a challenge when you have one of 1935 vintage. Once he papered his house, which saved further money. But for plumbing repairs and carpentering he hires someone. "I can't even saw a board straight," he says.

The home repair shop specializes in fixing dead motors. "You can make many good friends and boosters," he says. "A man's refrigerator is out of order and you work fast and put it back into service in a few hours. He brags about you and sends you other customers." Merle fixes the motors for washing-machines, farm-pumps, and air-conditioning units. He can re-wind either a single-phase or three-phase motor. He does not tinker with radios, which he feels are a separate business.

Mrs. Grooms, for her part, finds work enjoyable no less than her husband. One of eight children, whose mother said, "I can't give much to the world, but I give my children" and whose father added, "I can't leave you kids much, but I leave you a good name,"

Elizabeth Grooms does her work with country-girl easiness. She cooks, washes, irons, mends. She does some of the family barbering, and would like time each week, which she doesn't get, to set her own hair.

You may find the two Grooms boys wearing loud—let's make it LOUD—shirts. Their mother made them, and both are of the same striking Western-color pattern. You may note that the

dressess and coats worn by the two girls are stylish and just a little better made than those found in many stores. Mrs. Grooms made them too.

It is eloquent tribute to both parents that none of the four children feels embarrassed, or envious, or "poor." On the contrary! Ten-year-old Donna Sue was given a composition to write in school. Subject: "I wish." Some of her classmates wrote: "I wish my fa-



Merle is superintendent of the Sunday school; he leads the singing, above. Elizabeth, below, looks on while collection is taken in her class of girls.





Bobby Joe plugs his ears while Olin toots his horn and the girls double up at the piano keyboard. Bobby Joe's implied criticism was probably not warranted for the entire Grooms family are music lovers and superior musicians.

ther would show me he loves me," or "I wish we had a dog," or "I wish I had some pretty clothes." But not Donna. Her composition said briefly: "I wish I didn't have to go to bed so early. I wish I didn't have to get up so early. I wish I had more time."

"That goes for all of us," says Mrs. Grooms, smiling. "We all wish we had more time for living."

CHILDREN are the big investment of the Grooms family. The father, who is 38, and mother, 36, are the proud parents of: Olin, 13, named after his maternal grandfather, who got his name from way back in Ireland. Olin plays the baritone horn in the high-school band, is a Scout, plays football and basketball. Then comes Donna Sue, 10, a junior Girl Scout and an earnest student of the piano. Next comes Wanda Lou, 8, a Brownie in the Girl Scouts and a beginner at the keys. Last comes Bobby Joe, 7. "Bobby will be our songbird. He likes to sing," say the parents. For him, too, the piano will be waiting when he adds a few more years. They are all healthy and happy.

The Grooms have appraised the city they came to twelve years ago, and find it sweet to live in. There is a good YMCA with a swimming pool, and a YWCA in the making. Bartlesville happens to be the home city of Frank Phillips, called "the grand old man of the Oklahoma oil industry." Frequently that gentleman stages a huge children's Christmas party, every youngster receiving a shiny new silver dollar,

with a nice card "from Uncle Frank."

Downtown Bartlesville is busy, crowded and gasping for room for more oil company offices and, they say, badly in need of 800 more homes. The Merle Grooms live in a modest house in the old section of the city, an area where streets are named after various tribes of Indians: Cherokee, Osage, Seminole, Kaw. (Remember that this was once not a state, but Indian territory.) Several churches are located within a very few blocks of the Grooms doorstep, as is the grade school, and likewise Merle's factory. The houses are mostly small, but they are at least houses, and one-family houses, at that. Not crowded city apartments. All in all, it's a community for family living, not for show.

"We have such lovely neighbors," says Mrs. Grooms proudly. She cites the time when Bobby was rushed to the hospital for an emergency appendectomy. A neighbor woman heard of the situation and took the bus out to the hospital. "I'll take care of your other three children for the night," she explained simply.

THE neighbors for their part probably brag no little about the Grooms family. "Lots of women go to church, and sometimes an occasional husband goes, though often to a different church," says Mrs. Sarah Butler, wife of their former pastor. "It does you good to see both husband and wife and four children going to church together."

Mrs. Grooms does whatever is expected of her in the community. She

is on the PTA of her school and also the city-wide council. She is a member of the Women's Society for Christian Service for the Methodist Church. She teaches a class of girls, 12 to 15, in the Sunday school of which her husband has for six years been superintendent.

And with it all Elizabeth Grooms still gives proper attention to the vital matter of recreation. If she and Merle are not bothered with juvenile delinquency, and don't even regard the comics as a menace, the reason may well be that they take time to play with their children.

Take St. Patrick's Day, for example. The neighborhood staged a scavenger hunt. "Bring in as many of these twenty-five items as you can," said the committee of mothers. Sample items: Irish potato, empty spool of thread, three pieces of elbow macaroni, chicken feather, round toothpick, ice-cube. Mrs. Grooms instructed the hunters: "You have one hour to report back here with your treasures, or else you're disqualified. That will be 8:45. And one final word: Be sure that the people you call on get some fun out of this too. Be considerate, be polite." It was a



On his bench at the plant, Merle assembles a motor he has just re-wound.

gay party. Merle takes the boys to baseball and football games now and then; both parents attend some of the musical activities at both grade and high school.

But it is at Hallowe'en that Merle Grooms comes to the fore. As recognized electrical genius of the community, he is the one who wires up a cow's skeleton with colored lights for eyes, or wires a jack-o'-lantern which snaps its jaws when you step unsuspectingly on a secret treadle. Merle is not one to forget that electricity can be fun.

Neither Merle nor Elizabeth Grooms dance. "When I was in high school a dancehall in a neighboring town ex-

ploded," says Mrs. Grooms. "That fire killed a teacher of mine and also one of my friends. It put a damper on dances for a lot of us, for all time."

HER church, which is the Epworth Methodist, she adds, recommends folk games, instead of dancing. Still, she says, when children are taught dancing in high school, and when such things are carefully supervised, she doesn't see why her children shouldn't participate. It doesn't happen to appeal to her, but she is not narrow on the subject.

The Book of Proverbs has a verse which should be more widely remembered than it is, something about: better a modest home "where love is" than "a stalled ox" and family discord.

Merle Grooms and his wife live this principle. They put love ahead of mere possessions. They feel complimented when a neighbor child says, "I like to come to your house. We can have so much fun. We don't have to worry about hurting the furniture."

It is a home where Skippy, the dog, never overhears an angry word; a home where Bobby Joe wears a tiny, store-bought edition of blue-jeans just like

suggestions printed in *The Upper Room*.

The children read the Bible in connection with their Sunday-school lessons, and now and then in-between. No one forces them to read; no one hurries them.

Merle Grooms finds it natural and easy to carry his religion into his daily work. "I breathe a little prayer every time I finish a 'hot' job," he says. "I give thanks to God for protecting my life."

As an electrician in a plant of complicated wires and intricate machinery he never knows what the next hour will bring in the way of a puzzling task. He remembers the stock advice: "Always approach every wire as if it were hot." Even so, one day he got hung up on top of a ladder, pinned in place by 110-volts. He cried out to the other workmen; they thought the ladder was slipping and rushed to steady it, when what he meant was for someone to cut the main switch. Finally he managed to jerk himself loose. That taste of what it means to be electrocuted left a lasting impression on his mind.

Electricity helps Merle Grooms un-

derstand the spirit of God. He gave a little talk on "Dynamic Christianity" to his church recently. "With electricity, as with Christianity, we can't see it, but we know the parts of it," he said simply. "We know how we can use electricity. We know that it can be destructive but also that it can be very helpful. We have to understand it. We don't 'generate' electricity. It is everywhere. We just concentrate it, gather it in one place, build up a pressure so it will flow. Same with religion. Prayer is the channel by which religion flows, just as electric current flows over your copper wires."

ODDLY enough, it was the church that got Merle Grooms into the electrical business. He had grown up as a Missouri farm boy. ("The man's crazy," said neighboring farmers later when Merle, at 26, chucked certainty on a farm for a dim and uncertain future.) His Sunday school staged a playlet: "The Parable of the Talents." Merle was the thriftless servant who buried his talents rather than run any risk. He took the lesson seriously.

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The first requirement in keeping children happy is to keep them well fed.

the cowboys wear; a home where laughs come easily and where the frequent Sunday afternoon visit to Grandpa and Grandma at nearby Caney, Kansas, is an occasion for general rejoicing—the old folks are good fun too. And yet it is a home that knows reverence.

The two girls were telling about being invited out for lunch. "The food was all right," they reported, "but it seemed strange to eat without first offering thanks." They always say grace at meals in the Grooms home. Every morning, before Merle leaves for work at 7:30 and the children trudge off to school, the family holds a brief worship service. They make use of the



In front of his home repair shop, Merle and the boys examine a motor-bike he helped his older son make. Bobby Joe holds Skippy, whom all the kids dote on.

The Divorcee and the Church

ILLUSTRATOR: DONALD LYNCH



"Am I an outcast because I am divorced?"

That is the poignant query this man put to us the other day. Feeling himself banished from the fellowship of those he needs most, he asks for guidance. What shall we say to him? Tell us, in 500 words or less, how YOU would reply!

WE'RE happy to have you visit our church this morning, friend. If you're living in the city, we'd like to have you come regularly. You're single, I suppose?"

"Not exactly. I'm divorced."

That dialogue is so familiar to me that I hear it in my sleep. I've experienced it, with slight variations, in a dozen different churches in three cities. If you are single, or happily married, you probably find it hard to understand why such a simple conversation should haunt a grown man. Let me tell you, then, how it feels to be an outsider at a time when you most want to know that you "belong."

I was raised in a Christian home by godly parents and I've attended church and Sunday school for as long as I can remember. During my high-school years I was faithfully active in my church young people's group, and during my Senior year I taught a boys' Sunday-school class.

Shortly after completing my junior college work, I was married. Let it simply be said that the marriage was a mutual failure. At 23 I found myself one of the several million divorced people in America.



I felt it would be best for me to move to another city where I could make a fresh start. Immediately I began looking for a church where I could place my membership and become an active participant. But it was not long until I found that the Church had no place for me. I was ashamed of the fact that I was divorced, but I never tried to hide the fact, for I felt that to do so would be unfair to the church and minister alike. In every case, as soon as I divulged my marital background, I found that the hearty reception formerly offered was withdrawn. In some cases, particularly charitable ministers and Christians tried to make me feel welcome, but it was usually made clear that I was an outsider.

I ADMIT readily that I can appreciate the Church's position. The divorced person is a Social Irregular, and the Church has made no provision for him. In Sunday school, for example, there is no class for which he qualifies. He can't join the Young Married People's Class, because he isn't married; he feels even more out of place with the Unmarried Young People, because by the experience of marriage his whole

outlook on life is different from theirs. The average divorcee is too young to feel at home in an Adult Bible Class (which is usually made up of people past the middle-age mark). So he stops going to Sunday school.

I found a similar problem in the Young People's organizations. For several weeks I attended the regular youth service. Then it was announced that there would be a social evening, and I was invited. Nothing could have been more painful. During the refreshment time, the young people naturally paired up, married couples and dating couples alike. I sat alone for several minutes until a particularly friendly young lady noticed my embarrassment and joined me. I was almost happy about that, until later in the evening I overheard a group talking about the young lady because "it looks like she's going to begin going with that divorced man." One minister advised his young people not to invite me to social gatherings because he had found that "young people who have been married are inclined to be sexually irregular after they are divorced."

If I were alone in my plight, I'd tell the Church to forget about me and I'd

trust the grace of God and a few choice religious broadcasts to foster my spiritual life. But there are several million in the same position as I.

SINCE 1945, the number of divorcees in America has increased at the rate of approximately one million every year.

During the last ten years, a total of 7,722,000 people in America have been granted divorces. What will the Church do about this sizeable segment of the population? Are we to be spiritual outcasts, cut off from Christian influence and fellowship? Or will the Church, in the spirit of the Christ who talked with the woman of Samaria, give us a welcome and find for us a place of service?

I know full well that the problem is complex and that the perfect answer will not be found in a day. But I know, too, from personal experience, that it is in the time of marital upheaval that a person most needs and welcomes sympathy and help. I pray that the Church will not, in its concern for international problems and atomic fears, forget those of us who sit at its doorstep trying to make sense out of our disordered lives.

THE END



Saints in Caesar's Household

SERMON-OF-THE-MONTH

By WALLACE McPHERSON ALSTON

ILLUSTRATOR: CHARLES ZINGARO

PAUL concludes his letter to the Philippians, written from his Roman prison, with a salutation that includes these words: "All the saints salute you, especially they that are of Caesar's household."

Of all the places we would expect to find Christians, Caesar's household is the last! Who they were we do not know. Caesar's household included a retinue ranging all the way from high government officials down to the slaves who served in the palace. The probability is that these saints in Caesar's household were men and women of no great rank or prominence. The chances are that they were humble and inconspicuous folk. We cannot even be certain how the saints in Caesar's household became followers of Christ. It may be that they were converted through Paul's teaching and influence while he was a prisoner in the Praetorian barracks attached to the palace. It may be that through some other means they had met Christ, and that Paul and they were mutually strengthened by a common faith and allegiance to Jesus Christ. Whoever they were and however they came to be a part of Caesar's



household, there they were—devoted followers of Christ in the most unpromising environment imaginable.

I have in mind now one of the most common and constant difficulties that you and I face as we try to give Christ our loyalty today. I am thinking of the fact that the environment in which we are trying to build Christian character and to accomplish Christian work is anything but conducive to such an enterprise. We are face to face with the task of living a forthright Christian life in surroundings that are anything but helpful. How often our environment becomes an actual hindrance to all that we try to do as Christians!

SOME of you will probably apply what I am saying to the business and professional world that claims so much of your time and energy. As you face the down-pull of current business practices, you are aware of the extreme difficulty of remaining true to Christ's standards and ideals. You live in an atmosphere of selfishness and materialism until it is no wonder that the things of Christ seem vague and unreal. But there were saints in Caesar's household!

I imagine that some of you will apply what I am saying to your social relationships that form such a considerable part of your life. A preacher doesn't live in a modern city with his eyes closed. I think I know what many of you are up against. You value your friends and you want to be with them in formal and informal gatherings, but (will you face it?) so much of your social life is a hindrance to spiritual living. Some of you know that this is true, and yet you scarcely know what to do about it. The easiest thing to do is to conform—and so off you go to your cocktail parties and to your Sunday golf and bridge. Nice people, too, you tell me—some of the best people you know, these companions of yours—but not very much support to you in developing your highest aspirations and in expressing your loyalty to your Lord. Well, remember, you who face this very real problem, there were saints in Caesar's household.

There are many young people who face this same problem of trying to be loyal to Christ in an unfavorable environment. They face this acutely on their high-school and college campuses and in various other relationships. Stronger

for you young people than for those who are older is this pull and tug of the crowd. I think I know something of what you are up against. Before you let the world's slow stain mar your dreams and steal away your visions of what life ought to be on a Christian level, remember, I beg of you, that there were saints in Caesar's household.

THEN, for all I know, there may be some of you whose application of this message will be to the home, where relationships are the most intimate and determinative—the place of all others on earth where you ought to find encouragement in developing your Christian life. If these words are read by some husband whose wife is a handicap to his Christian life; or by some wife whose husband fails to support her Christian experience; or by some son or daughter whose parents are indifferent to Christian loyalty—remember, there were saints in Caesar's household.

You may think that yours is the hardest place on earth in which to be loyal to Christ, but those saints in Caesar's household had, I suggest, a more unpromising environment than any of us.

You know who this Caesar was, don't you? It was none other than Nero himself—unprincipled, licentious, brutal Nero. Imagine trying to keep mind, body, and soul clean and healthy for the service of Christ in the palace where every form of indecency and filth was indulged. Imagine trying to think of people as Christ thought of them, and trying to treat them as brothers, in Nero's household where not even the mother of Caesar deserved or received respect. Imagine giving one's supreme allegiance to Jesus Christ in the very household of one who claimed absolute rights over everything and everybody in the Roman Empire. Think of trying to be a Christian in the presence of this degenerate autocrat and his stooges. Whatever hardships we may face from the surroundings in which we must live as Christians, we can be certain that we are much more fortunate than were the saints in Caesar's household.

I SUBMIT, then, that those men and women in the First Century have some things to teach us about living a Christian life in unpromising surroundings. I propose that we notice some of the things that they would have us know.

For one thing, I think those saints in Caesar's household would tell us that it takes moral backbone to live as Christians in unfavorable surroundings.

When those men and women met Christ and were so gripped by Him that they chose Him as their leader and determined to make His way their way, they faced at once with eyes wide open the fact that they had a fight on their hands. For Christ's way was not and never could be Nero's way. They saw what it meant to walk back to their quarters in Caesar's household with Christ on the throne in their lives. They accepted the risk and braved the hazards. Day by day we can be certain that they took their very lives in their hands. They resolved to be true to Christ even though it cost them their lives, and I suspect that is just what it did cost some of them. We know that in A.D. 64, not many years after Paul's letter to the Philippians was written, Nero brought upon the Christians one of the most unjust and cruel persecutions that history records. Tacitus in his "Annals" declares that Nero instituted measures against the Christians to avert from himself the popular suspicion that he had set the fires which destroyed a large part of the city of Rome. Tacitus vividly describes the tortures to which the Christians were subjected—how, covered with the skins of beasts, they were torn by dogs; how they were nailed to crosses and set on fire to serve as living torches. Almost certainly this persecution in A.D. 64 brought suffering and death to most of the saints in Caesar's household.

If we think that we can be honest-to-goodness Christians today without

• A Stidger Storyette

"Is That God?"

SEVERAL YEARS AGO Rabin-dranath Tagore, the great East-Indian poet, was visiting the Henry Street Settlement in New York, when an incident took place which illustrates the hunger for God which is in the hearts of all children.

Tagore is a tall, old man with long white hair and beard, brown skin and kindly, gentle, loving eyes. He always dresses in long, flowing white robes; even on his visits to America. He looks for all the world like an Old Testament prophet.

One little girl in the settlement house edged up to an attendant and whispered: "Miss Wald, is that God?" Miss Wald tried to quiet her. But the child was insistent. She had heard a lot about God and she didn't want to miss a chance of seeing Him and talking with Him if it were He. She whispered again, a little louder and even more insistently: "Miss Wald, is that GOD?"

Lillian Wald, wise woman that she always was, and understanding young eagerness, curiosity, and reverence, saw that there was no hope of hushing that insistent child. She said, "No, darling, he is just one of God's good friends."

Which reminds me of a story of a Sunday-school teacher who was telling her class about God. She was describing Him as kindly, loving, strong and thoughtful; a being who could conquer the world; who met all obstacles with courage; who could take care of all of His children in their distresses; who was not afraid of the dark; who supplied them with everything they needed. Then she said to those children: "Does that description of God make you think of anybody you know, children?" One little hand went up with quick eagerness. The little boy said: "That's my pop, Teacher!"

—WILLIAM L. STIDGER

moral backbone, we can know that we are seriously deceived. Against all the practices and in the face of the low standards that form such a considerable part of our environment, we need to have the courage to steel ourselves, daring to be different—not for the sake of being contrary, but for the sake of being Christian! This high business of following Christ is not child's play. It is the most serious enterprise upon which we ever entered. Caesar's household is no place for a moral coward. If you can't say "no" when everything in you makes you realize that you ought to say "no," you had better give up the effort to serve Christ in the face of sur-

roundings that are anything but conducive to distinctive Christian living. If you are afraid of being criticized or laughed at, if you've forgotten how to stand on your own feet, squaring your shoulders and making your own decisions—you'd better just try to forget that Christ ever called you to be His friend and follower in such a day and such a place as this. It costs to have an unconsenting conscience. It requires stamina to stand up against the currents that deny His way. It takes moral backbone to come out from the crowd and be separate. The saints in Caesar's household would certainly have something to say about these matters.

Again, I am confident that those saints in Caesar's household would want us to know of the inner resources that they discovered—resources available to us as we try to live the Christian life in unfavorable surroundings.

I think I know one very important thing that happened in the First Century when the Christians in Caesar's household found that they could count on little or no support from their environment as they tried to follow Christ. Then it was that they discovered the reality and the power of spiritual resources that God supplied. They became convinced that they were not at the mercy of circumstances. Not all the authority and the might of the Roman emperor himself could prevent them from appropriating these resources. No embargo that Nero could devise could keep them from receiving these supplies from the gracious hand of God. I imagine that when they came to understand just how helpless they were against the external factors in their environment, they really learned how to pray. When they saw how isolated they were there in Nero's palace, they cultivated the friendship of Christ. In those days their hearts were flooded with a joy and a peace which the world cannot give and which not even Caesar could take away. I think I hear those saints in Caesar's household as they try to tell us of such things.

MEN who find themselves up against the hampering facts of a hostile environment may still discover for themselves the spiritual re-enforcements that strengthened and sustained the saints in Caesar's household. Dr. George Adam Smith once made the statement that we never test the power of prayer until our prayers look up to God like wounded animals with large round eyes of pain.

For a long time after Martin Niemoeller was placed in a German concentration camp, the world heard little or nothing of his condition or of his faith. After many months he sent this simple message, "Say for me that I am like a ship at sea in a tempest, dragging its anchors—but God is good and the cable still holds." Those who have known of

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A Bruise on Her Arm

Janey's heart was bruised too; both were healed in the peace of Mont Lawn

By HUBERT MOTT
Superintendent of Mont Lawn

AS TOLD TO
FRANK S. MEAD

IT DIDN'T get into the newspapers. There was a murder in Cleveland and a marijuana case in California, and that got in. Joe DiMaggio hurt his heel, and a man stole \$10,000 and a Russian shot at an American in Berlin, and it was all on the front page.

But there weren't any reporters or news photographers around the morning Janey came stumbling down the dirty tenement stairs, a poor cardboard suitcase under her arm and a sullen resentment spread over her face like a black cloud. She was just another "tenement kid" on her way to summer camp.

As she reached the bottom step, a shrill scream reached her from above: "Mind yer P's and Q's, now. Don't take nothin' from nobody in that camp. Stick up fer yer rights, yuh hear me?" The child didn't even pause to look back at her disheveled, reeling mother; she stepped carefully over a mangy dog sleeping on the floor, jerked open the battered door and stepped into the street.

Jake, the pushcart man, was polishing his apples at the curb. Jake heard it. He watched the scowling child walk slowly down the street, picking her way through the early morning ash cans and the garbage on the sidewalk. Jake looked up from the shining apple in his hand to the filthy cracked glass windows of the second-floor flat that Janey called "home," and he muttered to himself, "Tough going, ain't it, Janey? Mother and the old man drunk again! Oh, well, we all have our problems. Hey, mister! Buy an apple?"

With her head down, Janey walked to the subway, paused to look around carefully before depositing her dime in the turnstile. No, she couldn't get away with it this morning. Not a chance to sneak under that turnstile

and save her dime; too many people around. She paid her way in, and what she said under her breath couldn't have been printed in a tabloid. New York youngsters are taught in a school that meets in the street.

She scrounged down in the end of a seat for the long ride downtown, oblivious to the deafening roar of the train and to the well-dressed people getting on and off. The noisy wheels sang, monotonously, "Stick up fer yer rights, Stick up fer yer rights. Stick up . . ." She closed her eyes, wearily. Rights?

She rubbed a bruise on her left arm, left there by her drunken mother the night before. Rights? She had been slapped and kicked since she was a baby, told in a thousand ways that she was in the way, that it cost money to feed her and put clothes on her back. When she got into juvenile court for stealing an orange she got a beating from her longshoreman father that put her in bed for three days. Rights? Some day she'd get her rights, all right; some day when she was big enough she'd kill

(Continued on next page)



ILLUSTRATOR:
MITCHELL HOOKS



Lines of a Layman

A MESSAGE TO YOUTH

By J. C. Penney

IF I could get a message over to the youth of this country, it would be that success in life does not depend on genius. Any young man of ordinary intelligence, who is morally sound, above-board in his dealings and not afraid of work, should succeed in spite of obstacles and handicaps, if he plays the game fairly and squarely and keeps everlastingly at it. The possibilities before one are measured by the determination which is within one.

For many years I selected personally our store managers. After I had satisfied myself about a prospect's character and qualifications, I inquired about his home life. Was it happy and harmonious? Did his wife have his interests at heart? Would she stand at his side and help him to attain his ambitions? If I did not believe that his wife measured up, I did not employ the man. If I found that his wife was a true helpmate, I felt that he would succeed, other things being equal, for a good woman's power to encourage is well-nigh unlimited.

In 1910, the mother of my two oldest sons died after a brief illness. The shock was so sudden and severe that it nearly overwhelmed me. Although I never drank liquor even moderately, I had an intense desire to drink. This was the most critical time of my life, but the memory of my father's faith buoyed me up. This experience altered my viewpoint about things that matter and those which are non-essential.

But after that experience my interest was no longer one of dollars and cents. I realized that money—necessary as it is—should be a means to a worthy aim and not the end in itself. Up to this time I had been in poor health but along with my change of thought—the result of a spiritual awakening—I began to develop a stronger body.

them both, and go out West, and live on a ranch and have a horse and a dog.

She got out at Grand Central, kicked and shoved her way through the crowd, spent a nickel for a soda (that was her breakfast!) and walked down the bright summer street to Christian Herald House. An American flag and a Christian flag waved from the building; but she didn't see them; she saw only the sidewalk and her worn shoes striking the warm cement; Janey had no banners in her life; she had only people who "had it in for her." She went inside and sat down on a bench at the back of a room filled with laughing, chattering youngsters.

A white-gowned nurse said to Janey, "Suppose you come over to my table so I can get your application blank fixed up?"

Janey didn't move. She wasn't takin' nothin' from nobody. The nurse looked at her for a moment and said slowly, "Come along, child. Unless you don't want to go to Mont Lawn. It won't take a minute." She was halfway down the aisle before Janey made up her mind; she'd better do what the nurse said, because she wouldn't dare go home now. She picked up her suitcase, put her hat on the bench and dared the

girl next to her to take that seat while she was gone, and went over to the nurse at the table.

"Your name is . . . Janey?"

"That's what it says, ain't it?" countered Janey.

"Yes, that's what it says. Aren't you feeling well this morning?"

Janey didn't even answer that one. The doctor came over, looked at her teeth, listened to her heart, looked in her hair. "What yuh lookin' for?" snarled Janey. He laughed, and went on with his examination. Then he said, "O.K., youngster. You're in. Get on the bus." To the nurse he said, *sotto voce*, "Teeth not too good. Bad bruise on the left arm. But she'll do. She could do with a little good food. Undernourished. Who's next?"

THE long ride to Mont Lawn was hot; the bus was bedlam. Janey took no part in the bedlam, she fought off anyone who dared approach her, and at last they let her alone. She was asleep when someone yelled "Nyack!" She was the last one off the bus when it pulled up before the big white house at Mont Lawn, rubbing her eyes and resenting the sunshine and wishing she was back on 116th street. She saw that nurse

watching her, and instinctively she bristled. But she went along; she knew she had to. She dropped her suitcase on the floor and threw herself full-length on the bed to which she was assigned, in the cottage on the hill. Now she could sleep!

The nurse shook her gently. "Come along, Janey. Things to do! Lots of fun to be had before lunch."

"Leave me be," said Janey. "I'm tired."

The nurse considered the problem. She could make this little rebel get up, and earn her resentment for the coming two weeks in camp, or she could stretch the rules a bit and let her sleep. She decided on sleep: "All right, Janey. You sleep. I'll call you for lunch."

"Don't want no lunch," said Janey.

"You will, when it's time." The nurse left her. She went out on the porch, where a handful of youngsters were running up and down in the sun. One girl said, "That kid gives me a pain in the neck. I'd like to . . ." The girl at her side said, "Aw, lay off her. You ought'a see the dump she lives in. It's like a saloon. She gets beat up regular, an' she's afraid everybody she meets is going to beat her up."

When the nurse went in to wake Janey for lunch, she was a little startled at what she saw. There was the path of a tear down the child's grimy cheek, and her pillow was damp. Janey had been crying. . . .

YOU CAN TALK to any counsellor who spent those two weeks at Mont Lawn, and hear him say that they were the craziest and happiest two weeks of the whole summer. Crazy and happy because Janey was there. From the start, she got under their skins, individually and collectively. They watched her antics and they studied her and talked about her in staff meetings, and they approached her with all the respect and caution of one approaching an unexploded bomb.

These counsellors, let it be said here, know their job; they are almost all college graduates, trained in education or for social service; they know all the tricks of getting along with children, and they tried every trick on Janey and every trick fell flat on its face. The theories they had learned in the classroom didn't seem to apply, in this case; the girl from 116th street had no respect at all for professors, schools, educational ideas or counsellors. She just plain told them to mind their own business and let her alone. She wasn't takin' nothin' . . . she was sticking up for her rights.

As the days wore on it got worse. Janey lived all drawn up within herself. She ate her meals in a moody silence; she kicked the shins of a girl who made the mistake of sitting on her bed; she did her best to ruin every camp activity she got into. Whenever she went on a

hike, she followed the pack like Peter—afar off.

The counsellors were at first amused, then deeply concerned. They went the limit. Janey got everything the others got, and often a little more. Nobody got mad at her, except the other children. She got dose after dose of Loving Kindness and Tender Mercy, according to the rules of Mont Lawn, but none of it seemed to take effect. At the start of the second week, Janey's exterior was as tough and relentless as ever.

It's almost funny, sometimes, to see how far this idea of L.K. and T.M. goes at Mont Lawn. Some professionals would laugh at it; the anti-Christian, who has no use for the idea of going the second mile with anybody, would sneer at it. Many a camp would have sent Janey home, within the first forty-eight hours. But last summer, out of 904 youngsters to reach Mont Lawn, only one had to be sent home—which isn't a bad average!

Janey watched it. She saw youngsters without shoes get new shoes, free; she saw a boy with tonsillitis given care as fine as any available in any hospital; she saw children with bad eyes get glasses; she saw the procession going in and out of the infirmary—sometimes laughable and sometimes serious—mumps, cuts and bruises, insect bites and bee stings, lacerations, splinters, toothaches, stomach-aches. They went to work on the bruise on Janey's arm, and cleared it up, and she almost said "Thanks." But she couldn't quite bring herself to that.

And there was poison ivy. Out on a hike, with a dozen energetic youngsters including Janey, the counsellor gathered them around a clump of poison ivy and explained carefully: "Stay away from it, unless you want to get sick. All you have to do is touch it, and you'll get a rash on your skin that'll make you wish you'd never been born. Remember now; don't touch it!"

Janey was standing there, listening, with her usual pout. She took in the warning and the good advice, pushed her way around the circle to where the counsellor stood, and threw herself full-length, prone, right into the mass of poison ivy! There was one of those silences you can hear, over the whole group, as she lay there; the rest of the "gang" waited for the counsellor to strike the little vixen dead. He didn't. When he got his breath, he only said, "All right, Janey. If that's the way you feel about it, go ahead and poison yourself. Report to the infirmary just as soon as we get back to camp." They moved off; Janey was still lying there, somewhat disappointed that the counsellor hadn't hit her. She smirked to herself; she'd done it again; she'd stuck up for her rights.

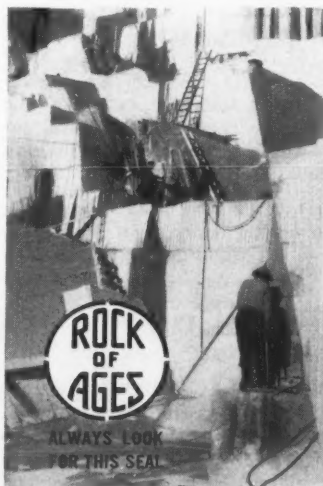
She reported to the infirmary; they got the bed and lotions ready, and
(Continued on page 58)



"Dad loved simple beauty"

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Daily Meditations

by Walter L. Moore

Friday, July 1

READ JOB 28:24

TO BEHAVE as though we were alone, though God is ever present, is practical atheism. Life is different if we are conscious that God sees us. A neighbor has magnificent roses, and while she is away they sometimes disappear. A "Please Do Not Pick Roses" sign proved useless. She took it down and put up a new one. Now she returns home to find her blooms untouched. The new sign reads: "You Are Being Watched!"

Thou who seest even our secret thoughts, help us to maintain the sense of Thy constant presence, and to live as in Thy sight. Amen.

Saturday, July 2

READ PSALM 139:12

A SMALL BOY, relates William Norton, was told that the eye of God is always watching us. He thought a minute, then said: "I'd like to know what kind of watching it is. Tim Brown watches me in school so he can tell the teacher if I whisper and get me bad marks. But my father watches me when I'm on the beach so I won't be in too deep. I like that kind of watching." The psalmist despairs of escaping God, even by fleeing to the uttermost part of the sea, but he is glad: "Even there shall Thy hand lead me, and Thy right hand uphold me."

O Thou ever-present God, teach us the folly of fleeing from Thee, and make us to rejoice in Thine unfailing watchfulness over us. Amen.

Sunday, July 3

READ HEBREWS 4:15

And if God dieth not for man and giveth not Himself eternally for man, man could not exist.
—WILLIAM BLAKE

AS HE KNELT one day in church, a character depicted by Sheila Kaye-Smith suddenly saw a great subduing truth with all the force of a personal revelation. "There was not one pang of his lonely, wandering life, no throb or ache or groan of his up to that moment when the light of his eyes and the desire of his heart was taken from him at a stroke, that had not been shared

by God." The worst of all heresies is the thought that God has forgotten us. He can never forget us for a moment, else He would not be God.

Lord of our lives, we face the future unafraid, knowing that our way is not hidden from Thee. May we never lose that certainty. Amen.

Monday, July 4

READ ACTS 17:26

Of one blood hath God created every kindred, tribe and tongue.

—HENRY B. ROBBINS

SEEING DIOGENES looking attentively at a large collection of human bones piled one upon another, Alexander the Great asked the philosopher what he was looking for. "I am searching for the bones of your father," replied the wise man, "but I cannot distinguish them from those of his slaves."

Save us, O God, from pride in things which cannot survive the grave, and teach us the true equality of all mankind before Thee. Amen.

Tuesday, July 5

READ JOHN 3:3

Ah, Love! Could thou and I with Faith conspire to grasp this sorry scheme of things entire, would we not shatter it to bits, and then remould it nearer to the heart's desire!
—OMAR KHAYYAM

COMMENTING on these familiar lines, Professor A. E. Taylor says: "Put the heart itself at the very head of the list of things to be shattered and remade." It will not help to remould the scheme of things according to the desire of a wicked heart. When our hearts are made right the world will right itself.

We pray, O God, that Thou shalt take our hearts, break them if need be, and remould them according to Thy desire. Amen.

Wednesday, July 6

READ MATTHEW 6:24

SOREN KIERKEGAARD rendered a distinct service by emphasizing in his theology the either/or nature of Christianity. The believer must not only accept some things, but must reject

others. Jesus stressed the same inescapable truth in the Sermon on the Mount when He declared, "No man can serve two masters." As one cannot face northward without turning his back to the south, so he cannot follow Jesus without denying self.

Conscious of the fact that we must give up other things, we turn, dear Lord, to Thee. Make us honest and courageous in rejecting all that is opposed to Thee. Amen.

Thursday, July 7

READ JOHN 1:9

WITNESSING for Christ is only our attempt to help another to understand what he already feels, to respond to the God who is already dealing with him. Phillips Brooks was asked to attempt to convey to Helen Keller the message of God's love. She placed her fingertips on his lips, and he talked in simple language about a loving God revealed in Jesus Christ. The features of the blind and deaf girl began to work, and her body trembled. Suddenly she cried out: "I knew Him! I knew Him! I didn't know His name, but I knew Him!"

O Thou who givest some light to every man coming into the world, may we walk and help others to walk by Thy light. Amen.

Friday, July 8

READ MATTHEW 28:20

JOSEPH CONRAD quotes from a letter of Sir Robert Stopford who commanded one of the ships in which Nelson chased to the West Indies a large enemy fleet: "We are half-starved, and otherwise inconvenienced by being so long out of port. But our reward is—we are with Nelson!" So the faithful disciples of Jesus may thrill to the thought: "Our Christ is with us."

Keep us faithful in obeying Thy commission, Lord, that we may claim the promise of Thy presence. Amen.

Saturday, July 9

READ I CORINTHIANS 2:2

GOUNOD, we are told, worshiped Mozart more than any other composer.

In his old age he used to say, "When I was very young I used to say, 'I. Later I said, 'I and Mozart.' Then, 'Mozart and I.' Now I say, 'Mozart.'" So Saul of Tarsus, persecuting the Christians, was proud and self-centered. Then he met Jesus, and self gradually disappeared, until at last he could say, "To me to live is Christ."

May Thy thoughts fill our minds, Thy love, our hearts, Thy works, our days, so that Thy life will be lived anew in us. Amen.

Sunday, July 10

READ PHILIPPIANS 1:23

I greet the dawn and not a setting sun, when all is done.

—PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

CATERPILLARS were depicted in an editorial written by Arthur Brisbane as sadly carrying the corpse of a cocoon to its final resting place. The poor, distressed worms, clad in black raiment, were weeping, and all the while the beautiful butterfly fluttered happily above the muck and mire of earth, forever freed from its earthly shell. So foolish are we who, when our loved ones pass, concentrate our attention on the cocoon—the remains—while forgetting the bright butterfly.

Open the eyes of Thy bereaved children, Father, that they may see their lost loved ones not as dead, but as alive forever more. Amen.

Monday, July 11

READ ISAIAH 26:3

There abides a peace of Thine, man did not make and cannot mar!

—MATTHEW ARNOLD

AMERICAN TROOPS, when they entered an Italian city which had been badly bombed, found the philosopher Santayana calmly working on a book, so Dr. Norman Vincent Peale tells us. A soldier said to him, "How can you quietly work on a book in the midst of this terrible bombardment?" Santayana smiled and said, "I am a philosopher, and philosophy is a long study. I have trained my mind to dwell on eternal matters." Dr. Peale adds: "Bombardment of nerves need not overwhelm you if you practice over a long period of time the keeping of the mind on the eternal."

Rock of Ages, who are not shaken by man's puny explosives, teach us to find refuge in Thee, where there is perfect peace. Amen.

Tuesday, July 12

READ 1 PETER 5:10

LONG AGO I learned that when I become a bit seasick, by laying my head back and closing my eyes, I can regain my sense of equilibrium. This has been worth a great deal to me many times when the sea was disturbed or when

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GREENDALE STATION
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Daily Meditations

by Walter L. Moore

(Continued from previous page)

the air was rough for a plane trip. But a greater discovery has been the stabilizing effect of prayer. When moorings slip and we are in danger of losing our sense of values or direction, talking with God about it will straighten us out. A sign outside a chapel in Sheffield, England, had it this way: "If you don't know whether you're on your head or your heels, get on your knees."

We come to Thee, Thou unchanging God, to set our compasses true for life's voyage. Amen.

Wednesday, July 13

READ PHILIPPIANS 4:7

OUR HAPPINESS depends much more on what we are than where we are. A young woman who lived under discordant home conditions grew so dissatisfied that her discontent was evident in her face, her manner, and the tone of her voice. She would gladly have traveled far to get away from her disagreeable environment. Later a friend met her and saw in her smiling face that a change had taken place. "How are things at home?" he inquired. "Just the same," she replied, "but I am different."

May Thy spirit of peace, O God, keep the portals of our hearts, that the enemies of our peace be not allowed to enter. Amen.

Thursday, July 14

READ HEBREWS 13:5

The greatest wealth is contentment with a little.

—OLD PROVERB

SOCRATES used to say that contentment is natural wealth, and luxury is artificial poverty. Two centuries later the Roman, Plautus, declared, "If you are content, you have enough to live upon with comfort." In the same vein the author of the Epistle to the Hebrews says, "Let your conversation be without covetousness, and be content with such things as ye have." How to be content? Trust God! "For He hath said, I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee."

Save us, Lord, from being content with ourselves, but give us the true riches of contentment with what we have. Amen.

Friday, July 15

READ II CORINTHIANS 9:7, 8

He gives only the worthless gold who gives from a sense of duty.

—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

STINGY PEOPLE should never be laughed at: they are to be pitied. We would not laugh at a man with a withered arm or who was partially paralyzed. It is better to have a shriveled limb than a shriveled heart, better not to feel the prick of a pin in our flesh than not to feel compassion for others. Love is the fountain-source of generosity. No one begrudges a gift to one whom he loves. The heart that loves is joyously generous, and the heart that loves not is shriveled and lonely.

O Thou Giver of every good and perfect gift, teach us to love as Thou dost, that we may share Thy joy in giving. Amen.

Saturday, July 16

READ LUKE 17:17, 18

Thou that hast given so much to me, give one thing more—a grateful heart.

—GEORGE HERBERT

AN ENGLISH CLERGYMAN is said to have included in his annual parochial report the item, "Nine persons lost at sea." When the congregation expressed shock and amazement, he said, "Well, eleven persons requested prayers for those going to sea, and only two asked me to give thanks for a safe return. So I assume that the other nine were lost at sea." Jesus healed ten lepers, and only one returned to glorify God. We miss the chief value of our blessings when we fail to give thanks.

Bountiful Giver of all things, we can never thank Thee for every individual blessing, but keep us happily busy trying to do it. Amen.

Sunday, July 17

READ MATTHEW 10:42

Let loving-kindness rule each hour . . . as perfume round each blooming flower.

—GABRIELA MISTRAL

A LOVELY LADY tells how her mother sent her, at 10, with a bunch of sweetpeas down the street to give them to an elderly neighbor. When she returned, her mother said, "Now smell your hand." Sniffing inquisitively, she discovered that her hand smelled like sweetpeas. "Flowers always leave some of their fragrance in the hand of the giver," the mother told her. "It's that way in life, too. Every kind deed or work bestowed on someone else leaves us a sweeter person."

We thank Thee, kind Father, for the privilege of knowing people whose lives are fragrant with kindness. Help us to be like them. Amen.

Monday, July 18

READ EZEKIEL 3:15

Give me, O God, the understanding heart.

—GEORGIA HARKNESS

IN PREPARATION for his ministry to the Captivity, Ezekiel was sent to learn their condition. He says, "I sat where they sat." It was a revealing experience, and he says he "remained there astonished." Edwin Dahiberg says, "To better understand one another we should all swap places for a while with each other. Every doctor should have an operation. Every policeman and minister should spend a number of months in jail. And every industrialist become a labor union member."

Blessed Lord, who understandest us by having sat where we sit, help us as best we can to enter sympathetically into the lives of our fellow men. Amen.

Tuesday, July 19

READ ROMANS 12:19

The remedy for injuries is not to remember them.

—OLD PROVERB

HE WHO SUFFERS an injury, real or imaginary, from another may do one of three things. He may seek vengeance; he may let the matter rankle in his mind; or he may forgive and forget. Vengeance is not only no remedy, but it proves a boomerang which returns and injures the avenger. Harboring ill will robs us of peace of mind. Seeking reconciliation not only relieves one's own distress, but regains a lost friend.

If we have injured anyone, dear God, help us to right the wrong. If a wrong has been done to us, we freely forgive for Jesus' sake. Amen.

Wednesday, July 20

READ PROVERBS 17:9

HEARSAY EVIDENCE is testimony which consists in a statement by one person of matters told him by another. It is, with few exceptions, not admissible in a court of law. A thing that is simply a rumor may have little or no basis in fact, and is almost certain to be distorted. Gossip frequently has a sinister slant and may suggest more than it says. A Christian should be slow to believe discrediting reports about another, and never repeat anything that is unkind, uncertain, or unnecessary.

Forgive, O God of truth, our sly tendency to gossip, and teach us to speak of others only in terms we would use in the presence of their best friends.

Thursday, July 21

READ I CORINTHIANS 13:5

He does not rightly love himself who does not love another more.

—COVENTRY PATMORE

A YOUNG MAN who was dating several girls sat down and wrote out a list of traits—intelligence, health, domesticity, looks, sex appeal. He weighed

CHRISTIAN HERALD

each girl's score, found the one that rated highest, and married her. They were far from happy. He had looked for the girl who had most to offer him, rather than the one to whom he wanted to give everything.

God of love, who didst reveal Thyself by giving Thy Son, may we so love Thee and our brothers that we shall find happiness in giving ourselves.

Friday, July 22

READ MATTHEW 26:73

PETER'S ATTEMPT to conceal his true identity from the idlers in Caiaphas' court was a pitiful failure. His manner and his accent betrayed him. A youth leader says, "One afternoon after a strenuous hike through the woods with a group of my girl scouts, a religious emblem, which I always wear about my neck, was hanging visibly outside my uniform. One of the children, no more than eight years old, whispered to me, 'Your religion is showing.'"

Help us so to live this day, O God, that men may suspect that we have begun with Jesus. Amen.

Saturday, July 23

READ LUKE 18:11

Whate'er your place, it is not yours alone, but His who set you there.

—JOHN OXENHAM

EVERY MAN has reason to thank God that he is not as other men. He need not be as the Pharisee, thinking he is better, but he ought to recognize that God has given him a unique personality, to be grateful for it, and to try, under divine guidance, to make of it all that God intended it to be.

We accept gratefully, O God our Maker, the natural endowments that make up our personalities. Help us to develop them to their fullest possibilities for Thee. Amen.

Sunday, July 24

READ ROMANS 14:12

AN OLD PROVERB, quoted by Bunyan in "Pilgrim's Progress," declares, "Every tub must stand on its own bottom." To Roman Christians who were giving undue attention to the faults of their brethren, Paul wrote, "Every one of us shall give account of himself to God." From the time of Adam men have excused their faults by blaming someone else, or sought to divert attention from their own shortcomings by calling attention to the misdoings of their neighbors.

Teach us, O righteous Judge of our lives, the basic honesty, that of being honest with ourselves. Amen.

Monday, July 25

READ GALATIANS 6:7

Life's field will yield, as we make it, a harvest of thorns or of flowers. —GOETHE

A LITTLE BOY who lived in the mountains was punished severely by his mother. In a tantrum of temper he ran away screaming, "I hate you. I hate you." As he paused at the edge of a ravine, the echo came back, "I hate you." Frightened, he ran back to his mother to tell of the bad man who hated him. The wise mother brought him back to the spot and told him to cry out, "I love you." The echo came back clearly, sweetly, "I love you." "That, my son," said the mother, "is the law of life. What we give, we get."

Forgive us, Lord of the harvest, for complaining when bad seed sown have brought a faulty yield. Help us to sow spiritual seed that we may reap eternal life. Amen.

Tuesday, July 26

READ PROVERBS 16:31

Beautiful young people are accidents of nature. But beautiful old people are works of art.

MARJORIE B. GREENBIE

OUR HABITS of thinking, speaking, and acting not only indicate what we are, but they determine what we shall be. A young girl said to her mother concerning a white-haired neighbor, "If I could be such an old lady as that—so beautiful, sweet, serene, and lovable—I should not mind growing old." The wise mother replied, "Well, if you want to be that kind of an old lady, you'd better begin now. She does not impress me as a piece of work that was done in a hurry."

Seeing our dependence on Thy grace and wisdom, Father, we pray that as we grow older we may grow more and more like Jesus. Amen.

Wednesday, July 27

READ EPHESIANS 5:16

MUCH OF OUR TIME is spent taking required courses in life's school. Work, sleep, eating, and many activities are necessary. But our use of spare time distinguishes us. Dr. Robert M. Hutchins reminds us: "The Greek word for 'leisure' is the origin of our word for school. The Greeks thought of leisure as the opportunity for moral and intellectual development and participation in the life of the community." No wonder they created a great culture.

Eternal God, we thank Thee for the marvelous gift of life. Help us to live it in all its varied phases at its best.

Thursday, July 28

READ MATTHEW 25:10

Better be three hours too soon than one minute too late.

—SHAKESPEARE

PUNCTUALITY has been defined as the ability to judge how late the other person will be. To arrive late for appointments and cause others to wait for them gives little people a sense of importance. When I cause another to wait for me I rob him of time, a part

of his life, worth more than money. To be punctual is not a sign of littleness. Lord Nelson once said that he had always been a quarter of an hour ahead of the time when he was expected to be at a place, and that it had made a man of him.

For the gift each day of its allotted hours we give Thee thanks, O God. We accept each one of them as a sacred trust, and seek Thy guidance in its use.

Friday, July 29

READ EPHESIANS 4:13

The goal may ever shine afar; the will to win it makes us free. —WILLIAM D. HYDE

THE MOST MATURE Christian can yet say with Paul, "I count not myself to have apprehended." Our goal of being like Christ is always far out ahead of us. That is the glory of our religion. A teacher tells of a small boy who on his first day in kindergarten wandered around examining the low table, chairs, cupboards, coat hooks, lavatory. Everything was just the right size for five-year-olds. Finally he walked up to the teacher and said, "I don't like it here. There's nothing to grow up to!"

Heavenly Father we accept Thy Son Jesus as the goal of our lives, and commit ourselves for all time to striving to be like Him. Amen.

Saturday, July 30

READ I CORINTHIANS 3:9

WORKMEN who are builders of the City of God sometimes feel that no progress is being made, but under the guidance of the Great Architect each can add something to the structure. "One day," relates Louis E. Thayer, "I came upon a gang of men who were building a mammoth wall. I said to one of the workers, 'That's a mighty big job you have on your hands.' He laughed and replied, 'It isn't so bad. You do it one brick at a time.'"

Master, keep clear before us the dream of the city that Thou art building, and keep us faithful to our task in it. Amen.

Sunday, July 31

READ MATTHEW 28:19, 20

DR. TYNDALL, the famous scientist, is quoted in the *Wall Street Journal* as having declared that the finest inspiration he ever received came from the old gentleman who, for many years, served as his personal attendant. Every morning, said the great scientist, this ancient retainer would knock upon Tyndall's door and cheerfully announce: "It is near seven o'clock, sir. Arise! You have great work to do today." The church of Christ would be inspired by a new awakening to the greatness of its missionary task.

We pray today, O God, that Thy people may awake and set themselves to the mighty task Thou hast assigned them. Amen.

“...and their
works shall
follow them”

REV. 14:13.

And I heard a voice from
heaven saying unto me,
Write, Blessed are the
dead which die in the
Lord from henceforth:
Yea, saith the Spirit,
that they may rest from
their labours; and their
works do follow them.

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The Lure of Little Lakes

By DELBERT LEAN

OUR quiet little lakes, in summertime, exert a strange, mysterious power. They breathe a certain calm and spirit of content, a deep religious feeling that "God's in His heaven, all's right with the world."

The visitor who comes to stay a week, or even two, will seldom feel its influence, for such a person feels, quite generally, that he must dash around, do everything that can be done before his short vacation ends. He even may go home to rest up from the hectic weeks of "rest" that he has had. I sympathize with anyone who feels that way. I don't know just what I would do if I had just two weeks in which to catch the glory of our little lakes.

If one could tell, exactly, just what this strange mysterious power is, if one could analyze and tell just what the ingredients are that bring the quiet and content that we lake-dwellers have, he would be met with argument, I suppose. That would be bad, oh, very bad, for such things are not proved by a process of the mind—they're felt. There's such a multitude of things, just little things, going on around you everywhere that bring content. Now, if you have the time, or take the time, to let these little simple things sink in, then you'll begin to sense just what it is that dwellers on our little lakes all know.

One day, a little while ago, I caught this strange mysterious mood. Now this was fall—fall at the lakes. There are lots of days, throughout the year, I'm sure, that breathe the spirit of tranquility. The silent falling of the snow in wintertime! The days of spring when the sun is warm and sky without a cloud. Oh, yes! There are a lot of days throughout the year, in which you feel and know that nothing matters much, just then.

Well, that's the kind of day this was. I had been chopping wood. I know no

task more pleasant—if one doesn't work too hard or long. I suddenly felt that I had done enough—just then. I thought I'd go down to the lake and rest. I felt that something might turn up to do down there. If it didn't, I'd just sit in the swing and rest. I did—sit in the swing.

It seemed to me that I had never seen the lake so still before. No stir upon the water anywhere. The leaves were falling, now and then, but only just a few, though I well knew that they were ready to come down in golden showers, if the wind would help them just a bit, for yesterday they did come dancing down at the bidding of the breeze. The oaks were just about the only trees whose leaves held fast, and they'd come down some day, quite soon—but not today.

One boat upon the surface of the lake was floating lazily and with two hopeful fishermen. Two things, only, stirred the water's calm. The fishermen were casting and I could see their lures dropping on the quiet mirror of the lake and the dipping of their slowly moving oars. I think they weren't even talking. The tempo of their movements corresponded with the quiet of the lake and shore and sky.

Henry came down. He hadn't finished with his work, either, upon the hill, but he saw me at the shore and came down to chat. Well, there we sat, Henry and I, and watched and talked of this and that. Now Henry is a philosopher. He doesn't know it, but he is. He's always popping up with some interesting idea that makes his neighbors smile—and think. We had been sitting there some time, when Henry said, "You know, Delbert, this lakeshore is the greatest place to sit and look and think that I have ever seen"—a long pause came just here, and then—"and yet, not feel that you have wasted time."

Now if that isn't good philosophy, then I don't know what is.

Well, there we sat, Henry and I, and looked around and talked and thought of the content it brought to both of us to sit there on the shore and let the golden glory of the fall sink in. We knew, of course, that there was work to do and work that must be done, which couldn't very well be done by sitting on the shore. I knew that if all my friends just sat upon the shore as Henry and I were doing then, the wheels of progress would be stopped, and that would never do at all.

But I am quite convinced that if each one of us could stop this desperate rushing, here and there, that so many of us do, and then could find the time, a little time, to just sit on the shore and think, and for a little while each day, or week, or month, or year, not worry over problems that each one has, then, in some way, these problems would fade out, mysteriously, and leave tranquility behind. It takes a little time, of course, but Henry and I both know it does us good.

And what then? Well—we both went back to work; Henry, to finish up his garden work, and I, the woodpile that I'd left.

OLD-TIME FOURTH

(Continued from page 6)

Of course, the Fourth of July was the Revolutionary soldier's day of days. Unlike the modern tight-lipped veteran, he loved to talk—and he did. He was reticent about neither his battle record nor his scars. Somehow he managed to remain the type of hero who did not spoil on the hands of the public. He regaled his admirers with old jests of the camp. He described how he had taken his flintlock from the rack and his shot pouch from the peg and hurried away when the hoofbeats of Paul Revere's horse sounded the midnight alarm. Yes, often he had gone into battle with the motto "Liberty or Death" pinned on the back of his uniform; had molded bullets from lead taken from the roof of his home, and when they gave out he had fired his ramrod at the pesky Redcoats. Or, if he had lost a leg, he "shouldered his crutch and showed how fields were won."

Independence was the theme of those early Fourths. Those who had freed themselves from British tyranny observed the day primarily for patriotic reasons. For if ever a man realized the boon of freedom, he was the veteran of the War of the Revolution. Now he could fell a pine tree without being nabbed by the Surveyor General of His Majesty's Woods in North America, and stake a homestead beyond a prohibitory line drawn in a London colonial office. He could sip tea that didn't

(Continued on page 46)

This bringing-up-children

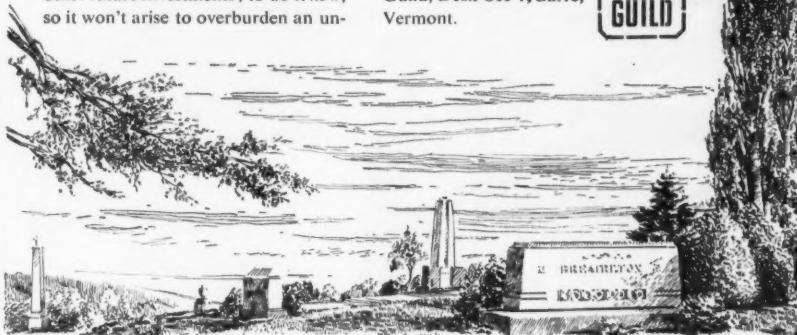
Bringing up children the *right* way is a job that requires planning—well ahead.

Of course you can just "let 'em grow"—but conscientious parents prefer to peer into the future and know that by the time Mary's of high school age, her teeth will be straight, and that if Jimmy's scientific leaning continues, he'll be able to pursue it right through a chosen college.

Sometimes, you don't plan far enough ahead, though. For example, is your insurance up to date? Have you made out a will? Have you chosen your family memorial and final resting place? This last important bit of business is the most commonly overlooked. And it's so logical to class it with all the other future investments; to do it now, so it won't arise to overburden an un-

prepared loved one. And since it certainly is a family matter, let the *whole* family help change it from a problem into a decision.

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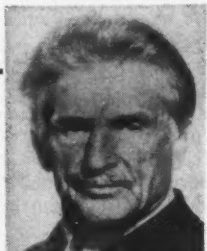
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It's Easy to Start a Nursery School

EVERYWHERE nursery schools are mushrooming up, and no matter how many there are, each one has a waiting list of pupils ready to fill any vacancies. It isn't just because nursery schools are a new vogue. Educators are learning that there is definite value in pre-school education. Mothers are learning that they are better mothers for the release that a few hours of freedom gives them in these servantless days. Churches are learning that early childhood is the best opportunity to "incline the growing vine" toward religion. The child who has spent happy hours at a church nursery school will

always feel at home in church. The overwhelming crop of war babies are now of nursery school age. This is the time to draw them into the fold.

Is there a place in your church for a nursery school? Is there a need in your community for a nursery school? You can get one ready for a fall opening if you begin now and guide yourselves by the experiences of other churches.

Two to five interested mothers are enough to start the ball rolling, to judge from the Westchester churches

ILLUSTRATOR: CLIFF YOUNG

I surveyed to give you an idea of how you, too, can thus serve your community.

First, look over your church to see if it has space which could be used for a week-day school. Light, airy, Sunday-school rooms are ideal, particularly if a toilet room adjoins. There should also be access to a good-sized play yard, which can be fenced from the street. Not all churches will have this, but it is essential, as a pre-school operates outdoors more than in. Finding such facilities, you are ready to seek permission of your minister or board. The usual agreement is that the church

furnishes light and heat, and a monthly donation is made to the church funds by the nursery school.

Operating financially independent of the church works out best in all the schools I examined, and all have paid their own way. The elaborate Chapel School of the Bronxville (N. Y.) Community Chapel, Lutheran, began with a large grant from the Lutheran Synod. Sometimes a church is in a position to loan a lump sum to equip the school, or a friend may provide it.

But if not, you can go ahead on a shoestring, as did North Avenue Presbyterian Church, New Rochelle, N. Y., this spring. Twenty mothers agreed to enroll their children and pay \$8 per month for two mornings of school a week. This gave them enough insured income to hire their teachers. As do many churches, they found suitable teachers within their own membership. They used Sunday-school chairs and tables, so whatever was left from teachers' salaries, which wasn't much, went toward play equipment. Each family was asked to contribute one article, and thus were assembled home-made tire, swings, see-saw, sand-boxes, and outgrown rocking horses, doll carriages, phonograph, books and records. Parents sanded and painted orange crates for cubby-holes to hold the children's coats and hats. For the present, each child furnishes his own crayons, construction paper, scissors, paste and one rhythm instrument. When the school is on firmer financial footing, it will purchase these supplies.

FUNDS for expensive equipment, like a jungle gym, may be raised by special projects. Crest Heights Nursery School at St. John's Episcopal Church Parish House, Crestwood, N. Y., holds a sale twice yearly of used children's clothing.

Be sure that you start on a sound financial basis. Make a definite rule about payments of tuition, and do not let them slip behind, or the school will probably be short-lived. The best method is to require full payment of a semester's tuition in advance, but this

is difficult for many parents, and prompt monthly payments are successful, too.

You must decide whether you want a co-operative school. The chief difference between a cooperative and a non-cooperative is that the parents do or do not decide the policies of the school and take turns assisting the teacher. Parents are always willing to help with painting, carpentry, sewing, donating toys and raising funds.

Sometimes a group outside the church, seeking a location for a nursery school, will petition the church for use of its space. Then it functions quite apart from the church, only making its monthly contribution, as at Christ



Episcopal Church, Bronxville, N. Y. A special committee may be set up to govern the school, if it is a church project, or an existing body, such as the parents group, may take it over. In all cases some participation by parents of the pupils is sought. Parents may be invited to become members of the parents group, even though not church-members, or they may attend meetings at which problems of the school are discussed and methods explained.

An ideal governing board for a nursery school is that of South Presbyterian Church in Greenburgh, Dobbs Ferry, N. Y. Their committee consists of three members appointed by the

(Continued on page 41)

PLANNING A PICNIC?

CCARE and forethought in making preparations will insure a happier church picnic this summer. One of our readers, Mrs. M. L. Sterrett of Fullerton, Calif., gives us an idea for selecting an alert picnic committee in her plan for choosing hosts and hostesses for socials: Make up your committee from specialists in a wide variety of fields.

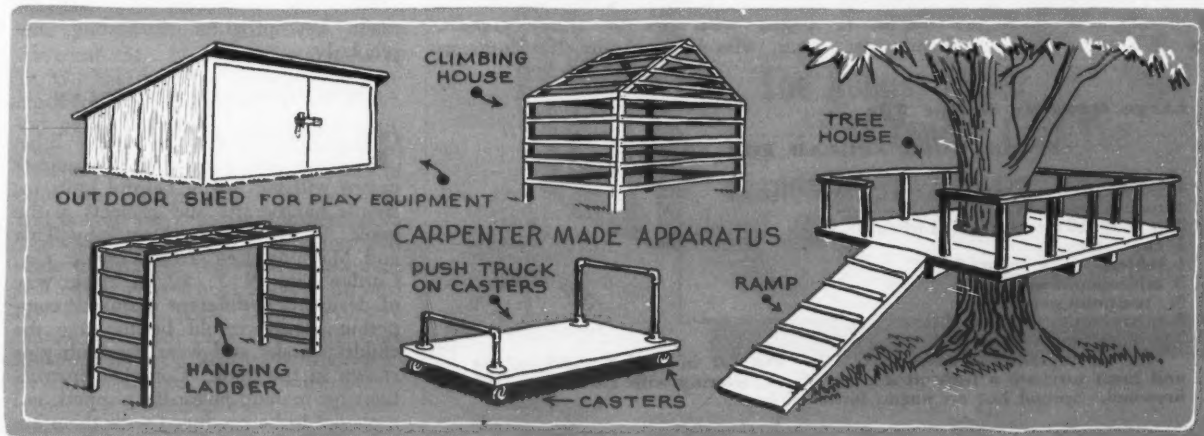
A Boy Scout leader will know how to talk baseball with the boys and will be a nature authority. A member of the city council or some other civic group will know how to draw out political discussions among the men. A librarian, decorator, or fashion stylist, can always appeal to women and girls, and a schoolteacher will know how to organize play for the children. Be sure a housewife is chosen to direct food preparation.

Choose a convenient time for the majority, and a location that will be easy to reach, where you will be sure of comfortable seats and adequate table space, good drinking water and comfort facilities. Plan games, stunts and contests that will take in all those attending.

While the group is gathering, all may participate in a nature quiz. Provide paper and pencils and let guests try to identify leaves, weeds and flowers. This may even take the form of a hike or "bird watch."

A garden contest, to be conducted by your civic representative, is amusing for the adults. Choice produce from individual gardens, whether fruits, flowers or vegetables, may be brought and arranged for show on one of the tables. Let judges decide the best.

Let your schoolteacher and Boy Scout leader be in charge of games. Organized contests should be planned for small children, juniors, intermediates, young people, and adult men and women. Provide several kinds of game equipment to encourage informal play. If your church has a picnic kit, this will be easy. Many churches borrow or



rent one from the city department of recreation, but it would be helpful to invest in that which is used most often and gradually build up a picnic kit of your own. This kit may include softball and bat, horseshoes, and pegs, quoits, beanbag board and bags, tug-of-war rope, sacks for races, eggs (wooden) and spoons for races, soccer ball, volley ball and net, and Indian clubs.

A clean-up stunt will make a game out of the work after supper. Write all the chores to be done on slips of paper and let everyone draw lots, thus mixing groups. After dark, a council-ring around a bonfire and community singing makes for fun and fellowship. These ideas and more for games and all kinds of recreation may be found in the booklet, "Recreation and the Church," 50c, available from National Recreation Association, 315 Fourth Ave., New York, 10.

HAMBURGER "SPREAD"

TIME for those annual church picnics and good times out-of-doors! Whether your church is small enough for the entire membership to go together, or whether different departments must go separately, let all share in the work and play. Hamburgers seem to be a must for most picnics, unless the location makes it impossible to do any cooking on the spot. Then the only solution is for each family to bring its own lunch.

More sociable is the custom of furnishing hamburgers and ice cream, cold drinks and hot coffee for all and assigning certain individuals to bring covered dishes. What is more congenial than a big outdoor stone fireplace with huge pots of coffee and skillet of sizzling hamburgers sending out an irresistible aroma?

When serving your hamburgers this year, why not take a tip from a successful chain of hamburger shops and serve the meat as a spread for buns, instead of in patty form? This saves work in preparation, and you may like them even better. Often hamburger patties cook too small for the buns, leaving a dry margin of bread around the outer edge. When you cook your hamburger

mix like scrambled eggs in big iron skillets, it may be spread all over the bun with a quick swish of a wide-bladed knife, leaving no dry edges. Buns and burger-mix can even be placed on the table for each one to spread his own.

With the recipe, below, you need not even serve catsup, as it is included. Another advantage is that you can make the hamburger go farther—if you need to—by spreading it thinner. For groups larger than fifty let several individuals prepare a batch of the hamburger mix, thus making the work not too difficult for anyone. Be sure to designate certain dishes for each person to bring, thus avoiding the hazard of duplication. You may ask certain women to bring hot, starchy dishes—macaroni and cheese, escalloped potatoes, or Spanish rice; certain ones to bring salads of their own choice—vegetable, fruit, gelatine, cole slaw; others to bring cakes or cookies. This will give you a grand assortment for the help-yourself table.

PROJECTS THAT PAY

INSTEAD of bazaars many women's groups are asking each member to earn a certain sum independently to give the church. Have you thought of using your hobby to raise that sum? Mrs. Herbert W. Hansen, wife of the minister of Scarsdale (N.Y.) Community Baptist Church, had no idea her hobby could be so remunerative until she tried.

Her friend, Mrs. William Powers, also of the Woman's Society, paired off with her. They invited thirty ladies for refreshments and a talk on antiques, charging \$1 each. Mrs. Powers used her culinary ability to prepare the food and Mrs. Hansen showed her antique collection. Dressed in a gown embroidered with rosebuds by her great-grandmother's sister, Mrs. Hansen didn't attempt to give an authoritative dissertation, but wove a little story around the different articles and the people who had owned them.

Her antiques have been handed down in the family from 1790 on. She began with her great-great-grandfather, who lived in the Revolutionary

¶ These columns offer church women an opportunity to exchange ideas. The project which proved most successful in your church may be just the thing to inspire another group on the opposite side of the country. Won't you write and tell us how you did it? Please remember to include the full name of your church.

period, and talked about the desk, card table, candlesnuffers, and warming pan of that period. She read from an old newspaper of January 4, 1800 the announcement of the death of George Washington, and showed a scrap-book with letters from famous people. The guests were so enthusiastic about the party that Mrs. Hansen and Mrs. Powers were asked to repeat it. They did—five times, including once in the evening so that the men could come. With up to forty-two present each time, these ladies earned \$184 for their church.

If your hobby is gardening, why not give a garden-party tea, and take the guests on a conducted tour of your garden? Or fill up your car and take them to see several outstanding gardens in your community. Be sure you choose a time when there is a lot of bloom. My grandmother, a wonderful gardener, once picked 100 different varieties of flowers from her garden, and arranged them together in a vase. Giving her guests paper and pencil, she asked them how many they could identify. This might give you an idea if your party day turned out to be rainy.

If you are a collector of musical recordings, give a morning *kaffee klatsch*. Serve coffee and coffee cake in your kitchen, if it is roomy enough, playing Viennese music during the serving and conversation, and follow it with a concert in the living room.

Remember, however, the secret of Mrs. Hansen's success was that she made her program interesting, not scholarly.

KEEPING FINGERS BUSY

TEACHERS of vacation Bible schools and counselors at summer camps will find many helpful hints for simple handicrafts and projects in the book, "What To Do Now," by Tina and Manning Lee, Doubleday & Co., Garden City, N. Y., \$2. A clever way of designating different teams or competing groups would be to have the children make and wear the club pins shown in the book. Complete instructions for making finger-tip puppets and a playlet to be produced with them are

Large Quantity Recipe File

HAMBURGER SPREAD FOR 50 BUNS

- 4 pounds ground beef
- 4 quarts tomatoes
- 2 pounds (2 quarts) rolled wheat
- 1 cup catsup
- 1 tablespoon paprika
- 3 tablespoons salt
- ¾ teaspoon pepper
- 3 quarts onions, chopped fine
- 1½ cups fat, preferably chopped suet

Mix all ingredients thoroughly. Try out fat in skillet. Add onions and meat mixture a little at a time. Cook, stirring with fork until well browned. Spread hot on warm, buttered buns.

included. Mothers and grandmothers, too, will welcome these ideas for rainy days when children don't know what to do but get into mischief. There are gifts children can make, instructions for a home-made doll house and furnishings, simple sewing plans, and ways of using materials like egg cartons, bottles, boxes and baking cups.

NURSERY SCHOOL

(Continued from page 39)

Session, three parents elected by the parents group of the nursery school, the two teachers, and the minister.

This was patterned after the governing board of the Valentine Cooperative of the Church of the Redeemer, Yonkers, N. Y., the grandparent of all Westchester nursery schools.

Some schools start with just two days per week, later branching out into a full week. When the nursery school at West Center Community Church, Congregational, Bronxville, N. Y., opened six years ago, parents, unable to find help during the war, expressed a need for an occasional day out. So the school was held from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m., the children bringing their own lunches. This was found too long for tiny tots, and now they have a morning group 9-12 a.m. and an afternoon group with another teacher 1-4 p.m. This accommodates more children, as there is only one room in the Community House which can be used. Canvas cots have been bought for the afternoon group, and children lie down in a darkened room. Some actually go to sleep. Most church schools have two groups of approximately ten children each, two teachers, with possible assistance from mothers or student teachers from the local college, and meet five days a week, 9-12 a.m.

YOU will want to write to your State Department of Education for information. Some states provide supervision of registered nursery schools, and each school must meet certain standards in order to be registered. You will want to know what these are. The Association for Childhood Education, 1200 Fifteenth St., N. W., Washington 5, D. C., has excellent free material, including exact specifications for building easels and other play equipment. The University of Iowa Extension School, Iowa City, Iowa, has a series of child welfare pamphlets for 5c each, and one on pre-school equipment, 25c.

An abundance of imagination and understanding of the child's viewpoint will equip your school without an outlay of cash. West Center Nursery School asks each parent to bring, during September, a sturdy wooden box, sandpapered and painted any bright color. These find a hundred uses—for boats, beds, or building. A small lad-

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der, placed against a tree trunk, enables little ones to climb up into it.

One school I would like to describe in detail, because it is so full of ideas to inspire and educate a pre-school child. It is the Community Nursery School of South Presbyterian Church in Greenburgh, which occupies five small Sunday-school rooms in the church Activities House.

A "smear" room has a bowl for washing up and a mirror which children may rub with soap. Easels for painting, crayons, paste, scissors, clay are here. In spring a box of dirt is planted with bean seeds, watered and watched. A perfect "smear" room, says Mrs. V. N. Maricle, head of the school, should have oilcloth tacked about the walls so children can draw.

Most popular on rainy days when

some outlet for pent-up emotions is vital is the "noisy" room. Here is no restriction on screaming, and a large mission table, cut down and painted, furnishes a work bench for the use of standard-size carpentry tools.

A wide expanse of linoleum-covered floor inspires the projects of young architects in the "block" room. Blocks, both the small, solid kind, and the large hollow ones, are a most expensive, but most important, piece of equipment, teachers agree. A "store and doll" room has a large crate for a counter with empty food cans and cartons for "pretend" sales. In the closet are folding partitions to set up rooms of a "play" house. Adjoining is the "house-keeping and puzzle" room where quiet ones may play "house" undisturbed. All doors, except that of the "noisy"

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room, are left open and children wander about as their interests direct. On rainy days a teacher may take up to five kiddies into the church kitchen downstairs and let them mix and stir packaged puddings, and drop cookies on a sheet to bake. Songs are sung and there are rhythm exercises.

Provisions for outdoor play are just as imaginative. Parents built a platform, with a railing, around a tree five feet from the ground, with a ladder up either side. Children love to work their way through the "jungle"—a thick growth of shrubbery. They watch and feed chickens and rabbits, kept by the sexton. Goldfish and a turtle are indoor pets.

The Activities House is blessed with a large veranda where children can play outdoors when the ground is too wet. Rolling toys work best here, and youngsters "paint" for hours with big brushes and cans of water.

"Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days." Churches have found that by ministering to the needs of their communities in this way they have benefited themselves. New members have been drawn in. Equipment secured for the nursery school doubles for Sunday school and care of tots during church services and women's group meetings. Donations to church funds for use of the property more than pay for light, heat, additional janitor service and repairs. And, besides, nursery schools are an excellent source of free publicity.

First Church of Christ, Congregational, West Hartford, Conn., poses this question in a folder: "Why should a church be interested in organizing a nursery school?" And it takes this position in reply: "The pre-school years provide a rich opportunity to deal effectively with some sound bases for religious living. The church needs to place more emphasis on work with families. The nursery school supplies this approach. The nursery school is a practice school in Christian living-together. It is religious in every sense of the word, even though practices may not always be labelled as such. Wholesome experiences are enjoyed, rather than indoctrination, representing religious education at its best. The church needs to make more use of the time it already has at its disposal, with the pre-school years, vacation time, and after-school hours. The nursery school is one answer to that need."

¶ For ideas on equipment to build, equipment from discarded articles, and places to buy new equipment write Woman's Place Dept., Christian Herald, 27 E. 39 St., New York, 16.

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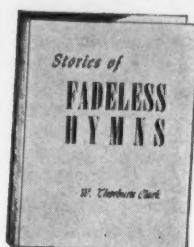
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THIS is one of the finest novels of the year. It tells the story of the woman of Samaria as she could have been before and after she met Jesus at the well. The style is dramatic, convincing, realistic, and reverential. Here is an author of very great promise. He has assembled and deployed his materials like a literary Douglas MacArthur. His heroine is as human as life and she interprets life for those who follow her story. I do not find the book offensive in any part—some may in a very few episodes.

POINT OF NO RETURN, by John P. Marquand (Little, Brown, 559 pp., \$3.50).

A NOVEL of height, length and breadth, written with maturity and great distinction. Charles Gray is America crossing the tracks but never losing his way. Nancy, his wife, has ambition to match her husband's over-all ability, but she shouldn't swear (and she does) in front of the children. Marquand, who doesn't need to, adds the Sinclair Lewis touch at times and that is too bad, but in his own right what a pen he wields! Between these backs is a liberal education in the ways of modern business, home and social America with sheer delight while you learn. But the cocktails and whiskies are quite unnecessary and will be objectionable to many readers.

MUST WE HIDE? by R. E. Lapp (Addison-Wesley, 182 pp., \$3).

THERE is nothing soft about this volume but it is filled with hope. We do not need to hide provided we do not insist upon living in a fool's paradise. There is, for those who will pay its price, something better in prospect than a cave which couldn't be deep enough anyhow. Here is scientific realism with a suggestion at least of a prophet's faith. "Experts" armed with a few facts, and only a few, have poured forth Niagaras of little information and misinformation. But in these pages are facts. There are answers to such questions as, "How far away from the bomb is radioactivity deadly?" "What proportion of the people would survive an atom-bomb explosion over Chicago's Loop?" "Could Washington's Capitol, White House, and Pentagon Building be wiped out by a single atom bomb?" "How can we prepare now against future attacks?" "When will Russia have the atom bomb?" Many other questions equally significant and pertinent are answered. The author brings understanding to his readers and, what is more important, gives hope and assurance for the future.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

HIS COUNTRY WAS THE WORLD, by Hildegard Hawthorne (Longmans, 237 pp., \$2.50). This life of Thomas Paine is as convincing and dynamic as it is compressed and brief. One of the great minds of the generations of men and a strangely haunting personality come alive on these pages. This man was one of the pre-eminent prophets of human liberty. He was called an infidel once and toward the close of his life he said, "I have lived an honest and useful life to mankind. My time has been spent in doing good. I die in perfect composure and resignation to the will of my Creator, God."

THE DOCTOR WEARS THREE FACES, by Mary Bard (Lippincott, 254 pp., \$3). Humor, pathos and down-to-earth, day-and-night living scintillate through all these pages. Thankless lot it is to be a doctor's wife, perhaps as thankless as to be a preacher's wife, but a lot of women have found in the assignment a lot of living.

STORIES OF FADELESS HYMNS, by W. Thorburn Clark (Broadman, 184 pp., \$1.75). The latest and in many respects the most interesting book of sermon stories that I have read. Hymns ancient and modern appear in their proper setting. This is an immensely readable volume.

THE GOLDEN SHOESTRING, by Faith Baldwin (Rinehart, 243 pp., \$2.50). This novel is in the sophisticated mood of the author's voluminous writing. But even as the theme is maturing love, so Faith Baldwin becomes on these pages a deeply sensitive and mature writer. Dickens is said to have lived and often nearly died with his characters. Miss Baldwin is at once objective and sympathetic with hers. Terry is a thoroughly fine woman who makes a splendid winning fight for her home and happiness. And the character development in this story is a finished achievement.

HOW TO RETIRE AND ENJOY IT, by Ray Giles (Whittlesey House, 268 pp., \$3). The title is the book. The book amplifies the title and justifies it. Everyone presently faces the problem of retirement. This volume recites cheerfully and simply the ways in which to prepare for the great success and satisfaction retirement can be.

AMERICAN FREEDOM AND CATHOLIC POWER, by Paul Blanshard (Beacon, 350 pp., \$3.50). Definitely this is "A forthright and hard-hitting book but honest and well documented." It is a factual analysis of the Roman Catholic Church as perhaps the most potent single cultural, social and political force of this twentieth-century world. The volume cannot be evaded. It is so objectively done that what it affirms will stand unless answered and disproved. There are ominous warnings on these pages, warnings for those who treasure all the freedoms, warnings that should be of equal significance for Catholics, Jews and Protestants.

I SHALL NOT WANT, by Glanville Owen Muschett (Benevolent Books, 27 pp., \$1.25). A thoroughly evangelical and highly spiritual interpretation of the immortal twenty-third Psalm. A lovely little gift book for any time.

(Continued on page 47)



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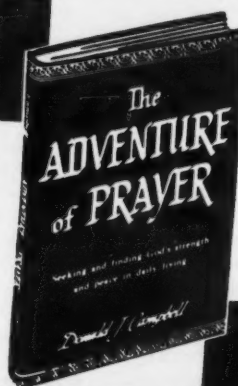
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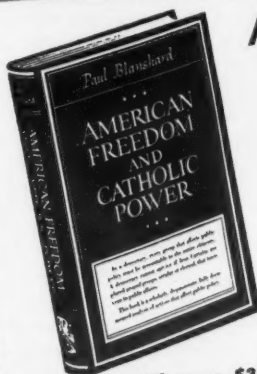
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OLD-TIME FOURTH

(Continued from page 37)

taste of taxes, and leave the office of the justice of the peace with papers free from the obnoxious stamp of the Crown.

To the end of his days, the two pet aversions of the old soldier were Redcoats and Tories. His tangles with Hessian mercenaries made him a confirmed isolationist, convinced that the wider the Atlantic the better, and he died believing that the mark of Cain was on the brow of George III, and the laurels of immortality rested on the brow of George Washington.

It is amazing into what remote places the men of '76 penetrated after they were disbanded on November 5, 1783. From the Carolinas and Virginia they filed through Cumberland Gap and followed the Wilderness Road far into the depths of Kentucky and then turned northward into Indiana and Illinois. From New England they moved westward over the Mohawk Trail to the Great Lakes regions and to points beyond. They jolted along the Lancaster Pike, scaled the Alleghenies and boarded Ohio River boats, disembarked at lonely landings to rear their cabin homes in the forests. Or they transhipped to boats that carried them up the Mississippi and its tributaries where they built their sodhouses on the prairies. The Revolutionary soldiers became actors in the first great western migration. During this great dispersion they demonstrated that wherever Americans could live, there also patriotism and religion could live.

Mention also should be made of the manner in which far-wandering pathfinders, soldiers in western garrisons, members of overland trains and sailors at sea observed the day. History is replete with stories of passengers who, as ships neared American shores on the Fourth of July, assembled on deck to gaze landward and envision with gratitude Independence Hall, and to cheer the Stars and Stripes, as the emblem of their freedom was raised to the mast. Nor should those be overlooked who, often, in danger and loneliness, kept the day in distant lands.

Townsend Harris is becoming a forgotten worthy. A few still associate his name with the honor of being the founder of the College of The City of New York, and an early president of that city's board of education. Mostly forgotten, however, are his aid to missions and the Christian example he set as the first American consul general to Japan. Upon his arrival there in 1856, he wrote in his diary: "I shall be the first recognized agent from a civilized power to reside in Japan. I hope I may so conduct myself that I may have honorable mention in the histories which may be written on Japan and its future destiny."

Now, when it is alleged that foreign policies are formed at cocktail parties, it is good to recall how Townsend Harris consistently declined wine at the courts of oriental potentates. With his only clerk for a congregation, he conducted devotions regularly each Sunday, and no summons from the shogun, no requirement of etiquette, and no affair of state ever caused him to deviate from the strictest observation of the day. Until his sterling integrity had established him in the esteem of the Japanese, the bachelor diplomat dwelt in loneliness and isolation, and returned good for evil when insults and inhospitality were offered.

EVERY Fourth of July, Townsend Harris, who was practically an exile, read the Declaration of Independence and gazed upward at the Stars and Stripes waving from the flagpole which was the first furnishing of his isolated quarters. Out of the past came memories of how as a young militiaman he had marched in the annual "Evacuation Day" celebration, and of how as a Sunday-school teacher he had led his class of boys through New York streets in Independence Day parades. But for him the present and the future had a new and weightier obligation. Under the gaze of many critical eyes, he must live the religion and practice the principles for which he believed the American flag stood. And 5000 miles and more of sea could not obscure that responsibility to God and country.

For those with drooping faith and wobbling Americanism, the example of Townsend Harris offers a great restorer.

And far across the prairies and through mountain fastnesses the booming of cannon and salutes to the flag from firing squads announced that Independence Day was being kept in isolated and perilous outposts. They misinterpret history who picture Independence Day on the plains as notable only for its carousals and debaucheries. The cargoes of those covered wagons moving into the sunset comprised wealth beyond that ever computed by freighter or trader. That was because with the overlanders, there traveled, in embryo, Christian colleges, churches, schools and homes which would come forth in a profuse and mighty spiritual blessing. At the end of the Santa Fe Trail was more than profits. The destination of the Oregon Trail was to produce more than real estate, the California Trail more than gold.

Although the winds of many years have blown away the ashes of their campfires and time has dimmed their trails, from many narratives we know how the majority of these travelers spent the Fourth of July. They halted for the day even in places made precarious by the presence of Indians and the lack of food and forage. They

drew their wagons in a circle, wheel to wheel. Within this barricade there arose prayer, Christian song, and the words of a speaker assuring them that, just as the chief security and blessing of the community they had left was the Christian faith, so would its prevalence prove where they were to establish their homes.

And so it was that religion and patriotism went hand in hand across the continent. No trail was so long that it could expatriate the wayfarer from citizenship in the Kingdom of God. No solitude was so far removed from the sound of Sabbath bells that the sanctuary of God was forgotten. As the travelers moved deeper into the West a new awareness of the magnitude and possibilities of America came to them. On Independence Day they halted their caravans and facing eastward to scenes immeasurably dearer for their absence, they vowed that "He shall have dominion from sea to sea."

"How is the spirit of a people to be formed, and animated and cheered but out of the storehouse of its historic recollections?" Edward Everett once asked. It is an inquiry worthy of serious consideration in these hurrying and forgetful times.

THE NEW BOOKS

(Continued from page 45)

THANK GOD FOR MY HEART ATTACK, by Charles Yale Harrison (Holt, 144 pp., \$2.50). A dramatic, purposeful and for the present "heart disease" age a timely little volume. Actually the author means it and proves conclusively that he is fully justified in being thankful. I had a friend who following a serious heart attack which came at the age of 60 lived twenty-four of the most enjoyable years that could be imagined. Good for vacation reading.

MAN'S DESTINY IN ETERNITY, the Garvin Lectures (Beacon, 238 pp., \$2.75). The publishers affirm that those who have written these chapters tell us what has happened to the basic ideas of God, of immortality, and of the ultimate destiny of man in this atom age. We shall agree, I think, that the nine, including Arthur H. Compton, William Ernest Hocking, Willard L. Sperry and Reinhold Niebuhr, are among the most scholarly minds wrestling with that issue. They have produced nothing for your relaxed moments and nothing that will attract the frivolous mind, but what they have written will strengthen individual faith and enrich a prophetic hour of history if your intellectual cup is big enough.

DRY MESSIAH, by Virginius Dabney (Knopf, 353 pp., \$4). Some things in this literary "blow below the belt" (the man is dead and can't strike back) just aren't true, some things that I know. But even so, Bishop Cannon with all his faults doesn't fit the frame that Virginius Dabney makes for his picture. Also he had courage. I am sure the author of this volume has courage even though he doesn't reveal it in "Dry Messiah."



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SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS

(Continued from page 9)

for him the place of praise and sacrifice to God. There, before the altar, the children of Israel were banded together in brotherhood. The unity of Israel was in their common faith. Before that altar, Hebrews speaking many languages and living in many nations, found equality and fraternity.

For us, Jerusalem or Zion are sacred words. They symbolize Christ and His Kingdom. John, the beloved apostle, records his vision in Revelation 21:2: "I, John, saw the holy city, new Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband." We are dwellers in this world but citizens of heaven. How much we need regular pilgrimages to the place appointed for worship! We, too, should be glad when our neighbors say to us, "It is feast time again. Come, join our family party and go with us to Zion." Many pilgrim hymns have been written that we might sing on the way.

A YOUNG MISSIONARY FRIEND, who served in India, told how they went to church in his town. He played a clarinet and would start playing hymns as he walked toward the church. Christians would join the troop, singing as they walked. Soon he would be heading a long procession, all singing joyfully as they walked. Maybe my young friend had something there for the home church. We might awaken some sleepy Christians and certainly we would be giving public testimony to our communities that we were glad for the day and hour of worship.

The word "pilgrim" means sojourner. Our day of worship, and our sanctuaries dedicated to worship, witness that we are aware of the temporary character of life here on earth. They testify to our faith in heaven. They provide the one bond of brotherhood that can ever bind men of all races and nations together. They proclaim our human need of God's forgiveness, comfort and strength. How we need the place and hour of worship to keep us from losing our sense of the presence of God! When we begin to lose interest in the services of our churches we may know that the world about us has begun to win victory over us. The Hebrews, when they no longer cared to join a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, were on the way to losing their identity as children of God's covenant. So with the Christian who begins to neglect his church.

The second psalm assigned is generally believed to be a song of farewell. Pilgrims would sing this hymn as they left the temple to return home. In the East, to avoid the heat of midday, they would begin their homeward journey before sunrise. Only the priests of the night-watch would be there. This psalm was a benediction upon them. How it

would encourage them as their long night's vigil was near its close! It was a thoughtful gesture to these humble servants of the temple and it was a source of courage to those who were going back to their homes.

Questions:

What part did the longing for Jerusalem take in the life of Israel during the exiles? Read Psalm 137. Is there enough longing for the fellowship of worship in the church today? Suppose your church were a heap of rubble as are so many churches in Europe?

How did Jesus feel about Jerusalem? Look up the references Jesus made to Jerusalem, using your concordance. In particular, note that Jesus is reported as weeping only twice. What caused His tears?

• Sunday, July 17th

SONGS OF THE TEMPLE

PSALMS 84:1-4; 95:1-7

WITHOUT singing, worship is tragically impoverished. I was preaching one day in a little church in the country. As we sang the hymns I noticed that only one male in the congregation was singing. The other men sat with impassive faces, seeming a bit bored with the whole proceedings. One man sat in the end of a pew like "a bump on a log," beside him his wife was singing happily and beyond her were two fine young lads in their 'teens. They, too, felt grown up enough to leave their hymnbooks in the rack just like their dad. What a pity! Our voices were given us for praising God.

Psalm 84 is a companion to psalm 42. The singer is evidently the same. In psalm 42 he expresses his longing for God and in psalm 84 the satisfaction of that longing, found in the worship of God. Dr. Moffatt translated verse 2 very beautifully: "My soul has been panting, pining for the courts of the Eternal; now soul and body thrill with joy over the living God, over Thine own altars, O Lord of hosts, my King, my God." The first lines of this verse express the longing more fully expressed in psalm 42. The second part expresses unrestrained joy as the presence of God is realized before the altar.

PSALM 95 may have been specially composed for the dedication service of the temple, rebuilt on the return of Israel from exile. The story is written in Ezra. It is so wonderfully adapted for Christian use that the historic liturgy for matins, or morning service, uses it just as it is written. It is called by the Latin title "Venite Exultemus." These words mean "O come, let us sing." Our English word, "exultation", can be applied only infrequently to our Christian

services. We can understand how unrestrained was the joy of these exiles as they realized that at last they were worshipping God in their homeland and in their own temple. A friend described the return of a German congregation to a very humble church built from the rubble of the beautiful cathedral in which they had formerly worshipped. Strong men wept openly and as they sang their hymns of praise there was a welling tide of emotion that revealed itself in their voices. The lack of this thrill of joy in worship is often marked in our churches. We do not feel deeply enough the meaning of God's grace to us. He has brought us back from the exile of sin into covenant relationship with Himself. That calls for exultation in truly thankful hearts.

The first five verses of Psalm 95 express exultation in the thought of God as a refuge, God the Creator and Master of the earth. Beside Him the gods of the heathen are nothing. Verses 6 and the first part of 7 are in a quieter mood. They sing of God's relationship to His own people.

Hymns are not written to exhibit the voices of soloists or choir. They are a medium of worship. Every worshipper should join in the singing. If there is no music in the voice, the words, at least, should be repeated softly. Much church music seems to be offered as a program of entertainment. The spirit of the choir should be humble and its sole thought the glory of God, not applause, silent or expressed, on the part of the congregation. Soloists and choirs that lead the congregation in worship are a blessing. Alas, they are too rare!

Questions:

In many of the great, historic churches of Europe the choir sang from a gallery at the back of the congregation. Some American churches follow this architecture. What do you think of this?

Does your congregation participate joyously in the singing of hymns? If not, how can more general and genuine participation be encouraged? Is it important?

• Sunday, July 24th

PRAYERS OF CONFESSION

PSALMS 32:1-5; 51:1, 2, 7-13

EXULTATION in worship comes in the measure of our thankfulness to God. And our thankfulness will depend on the measure of our understanding of the awfulness of the sin which God has forgiven us. So long as we minimize our guilt we minimize what God has done in our salvation. David probably wrote both of the psalms assigned for duty. Psalm 51 has the traditional heading: "A psalm of David when Nathan the prophet came to him, after he had gone in to Bathsheba." He had just awak-



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ened to the real nature of his sin. It had been, in the first place, a sin against Uriah and Bathsheba. The story is in II Samuel 11, 12. It was a sin also against his own family and against society. It was an even blacker sin because he was the Lord's anointed king and his lustful act would be influential for evil on his people. Essentially, David had discovered that his basic sin, like all sin, was an act of rebellion against God. As he realized the depth of his sin, he realized the meaning of forgiveness. No wonder his heart leaped for joy as God accepted his repentance and restored him to covenant relation with Himself.

The verses of Psalm 32 open with an expression of the exultation of the forgiven. He had been like a wild horse, like an animal. God's love had captured and subdued him. Blessedness had then replaced the misery of his accusing conscience. He had tried guile as every sinner has tried it. He had alibied himself with all kinds of rationalizations. He was king and in the Orient that meant the right to take what he wanted. He was no worse than other kings. He had done many great deeds for God, certainly he would be excused one moral lapse. He only succeeded in fooling himself. "Be not deceived, God is not mocked."

Only when David faced the facts and made a clean confession to God could forgiveness and peace come to his troubled conscience. Psalm 51 voices this confession in words that should echo in every sinner's heart. This psalm is used in the Order for Public Confession in my church, in preparation for the Holy Communion. Before this sacrament of forgiveness can mean what it should, confession in the spirit of this psalm is essential.

Note the words used to describe David's sin. "Transgression" means trespassing in forbidden fields. It is going outside the boundaries God has laid out for His children. Dr. Moffatt translated "iniquity" as a stain of guilt. In its original Hebrew it means perversity. It implies stubborn turning away from right. The word "sin" means missing the mark set by God as the goal for human conduct. He is conscious of the need of cleansing. His very nature was corrupt. He made no claim of essential goodness. He could not view his sin as "a mere slip in his climb upward." He could look upon himself only with loathing. Yet God had forgiven him.

HE HAD BEEN TERRIBLY WRONG with God, but God could make him right. The dirt of sin could be washed away. Hyssop was used in the Passover to sprinkle the blood of the sacrificial lamb upon the doorposts of the people of Israel. It was used also in the ceremonial cleansing of lepers who could prove to the priests that they had recovered. The figure of the cleansing power

of the blood of the lamb is used many times in the New Testament to describe the cleansing of sin through the death of Christ. David trusted God to forgive him. He confessed his sin without any attempt at self-excuse. And he experienced the joy of forgiveness.

There was more that David discovered. Not only was he cleansed but he was restored, renewed, recreated. The power of God's forgiveness is not shown solely in the disposal of past sins. It offers support for meeting temptations to follow. When we realize the meaning of forgiveness we will discover new resources for living Christ-like lives. Sin comes when we try to take our lives into our own hands. No sacrifices we can make will make us right with God. We must place our wills in God's care and keeping. Then by His strength we will be made strong. We will be upheld by His spirit.

There are seven psalms that are called "penitential." They are 6, 32, 51, 120 and 130. Translated in the terms of our Christian faith they become the expression of our own confession. Until they become the sincere confessions of our own hearts, we can never know the exulting joy of the forgiveness offered us in Christ Jesus.

Questions:

What is the meaning of "selah"? No one is quite sure of the answer. It is thought that it is a direction to the musicians. It should not be read when reading the psalms.

What emphasis does the New Testament make on the need for confession? Turn to I John 1:9. Can you find additional references?

● Sunday, July 31st

PSALMS OF TRUST

PSALMS 34:3-8; 37:3-6; 46:1-3

THE word "faith" has been misused so often that we need the word "trust" to interpret it. We speak of "the faith" and think of some credal statement of intellectual belief. This is not improper use of the word "faith," but it may impoverish it for us. Back of any creed must be the heart experience that it seeks to express. Otherwise it is mere lip service, crying "Lord! Lord!" with no commitment of the soul to Christ. When Jesus invited us to become as little children in our attitude toward God, He was thinking of the unquestioning trust of a child in his parents. It goes far beyond any reasoned belief. It surrenders absolutely to the will of the parents, assured of their good will and their superior strength and wisdom. The Psalms of trust beautifully express this childlike relation to God.

The three selections assigned are beautiful examples of trustful dependence on God in every circumstance of life. How vital they are in a world that

is filled with disillusionment and fear! The two world wars have shown the outcome of trust in human achievement.

Psalm 34 expresses praise to God because of answered prayer. God had heard the plea of the poorest and humblest. God rescued the psalmist from the fears that menaced him. In this assurance the faces of the trustful "beam with joy." His vision takes in the protecting might of God around his life, like troops of angels. This is not a trust in God built on some philosophy of life. It is experience-centered. You cannot argue men into saving faith. They must "taste and see."

PSALM 37 considers a problem discussed in Job and the Proverbs. As we see the wicked prosper we are likely to fret, to "work ourselves up into a fever." The particular situation in which this psalm was probably written is of interest. Because of the difficulties of life in the Holy Land many were immigrating to Egypt and other heathen countries. The thought of the psalm is "Be patient! Stay put! The wicked prosper only for a season." In the end "the meek shall inherit the earth."

Psalm 46 is one of the greatest of the whole collection. It is a perfect gem as a literary composition. It is even more perfect in its acclaim of God's providential care. It has been titled "Help Amid Hazard." Life may seem to be in terrifying commotion and confusion. Men find the mighty earth shaking under their feet and if they have founded their lives upon it, they become desperate with fear. If life is founded upon trust in God, nothing can shake that foundation.

This psalm was of great encouragement to Luther. He sang it often in the trying days of the Reformation. In his own experience God was always findable, always available when everything else seemed to fail him. It was this psalm that was the direct inspiration for his Reformation Hymn—"A Mighty Fortress is Our God." Sometimes we limit this fortifying ministry of God to protection against danger. God's power is not only defensive. It is aggressive. The trustful life is empowered to battle against sin. If Luther had lived in our times he might have sung of God as a "Flying Fortress." There is comfort in such a faith, comfort in the truest meaning of the word.

Questions:

What quotations from the three psalms assigned are found in the New Testament? Use the cross references in your Bible to discover them. How do these quotations help us in interpretation?

Compile a list of familiar hymns used in your church that echo the spirit of trust of these psalms. Why are they favorites? Are they experience-centered?

THE KIDNAPPED COW

(Continued from page 17)

bone structure and bad teeth. All of which adds up to weakened children."

Our unrivalled dairy sanitation makes American milk safer every year. Almost everyone likes milk. Why then aren't we drinking more and more of it, instead of less and less?

Because the price of milk remains too high for an increasing number of family pocket books. The low income families are the hardest hit. As a result of high milk prices, some families with many children are now paying as much for milk as they do for rent.

What holds up the price of milk?

First of all, our decision, as a people, made some 12 years ago through our chosen representatives in Congress, that the farmer shall be paid prices which will maintain his purchasing power. On the theory, it seems, that the farmers are the backbone of the nation, while the consumers are merely its spare ribs.

Next, a Rube Goldberg structure of parities, classifications, restrictions, regulations, differentials, adjustments, deductions, premiums, price pools, floors, ceilings, slide-valves and squirrel cages so complicated that only the most fanatically determined layman could understand it.

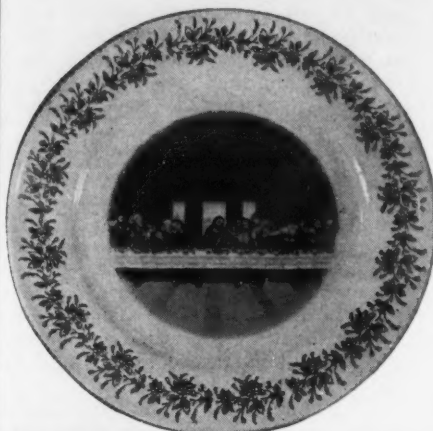
LET us examine some of these psycho-economic gadgets and try to explain them in plain language.

To begin as close to the cow as possible, the farmer doesn't know, when he totes his milk to the local plant, what price he is going to get for it. His milk is "classified" according to its eventual use. Weeks go by before he finds out whether it reached the consumer as cream, butter, cheese, condensed, evaporated or fluid milk. Each item commands a different price in the market. In theory, the farmer receives the highest price if his milk is lucky enough to get into a bottle, a lower price if it is churned into butter, a still lower one if it becomes cheddar cheese. But since his quarts and pints cannot be tagged and followed, in practice the farmer receives a "blend" or "uniform" price determined by the use that all the dealers in that milk marketing area make of all their milk.

The official price to the farmer for his fluid milk—the price on which the dealers base their charges to consumers—may be as much as two cents per quart higher than the "blend" price. That two-cent differential comes out of your pocket. In effect, every time you buy a quart of milk you are helping to subsidize the manufacture of butter, cheese, ice cream and other milk products.

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they claim they have to charge for fluid milk. One quart of fluid whole milk can be made into three ounces of skim and 1.7 ounces of butter without any nutritional loss worth mentioning. Yet at recent New York retail prices, the butter and the skim milk together cost 14 cents, as against 21 cents for the quart of milk.

An economist, the late Dr. Caroline Whitney, tried to make this blend-price system clearer to the readers of her booklet "What Price Milk?" by asking them to "imagine the situation if the housewife paid for her milk, not by the quart, but according to the way she used the milk in her home. Thus, when the milkman comes around to collect the week's bill, she would give him a report something like this:

"I poured a little off the top of each bottle for coffee, and I am willing to call this Class 1 and pay the price I would otherwise have paid for thin cream.

"I gave my children about half of each quart to drink, and I am willing to pay the price asked for fluid milk for that.

"I cooked with a large part of the week's supply, and I have to base the price for that part on the manufactured price assigned to Class 3 which is determined by the "market price on puddings, custards, and cream soups."

"Finally, I gave the bottom of each bottle to the cat, and for that I am willing to pay at the Class 4 price, determined by the "market price of prepared catfood."

"The housewife would then give the milkman a 'statement of utilization,' along with a weighted average of these prices. And it would inevitably turn out that the average was lower than the price he asked for the bottle of milk. Moreover, he would have to accept her statement on utilization unless he had time to weigh the milk as she used it."

Price fixing inevitably begets more price fixing. And so, in eleven states, there are laws to fix the price consumers pay. Not the *maximum* price—the dealer can charge whatever he thinks he can get—but the *minimum* price. In California, Florida, Georgia, Maine, Montana, New Hampshire, Oregon, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, Vermont and Virginia, dealers are prohibited from selling milk for less than the official "fair price" set by a state board or commission. Many of these states require an extra charge for homogenized, vitamin D milk, and for milk in paper containers.

There are dealers in Boston, Pittsburgh, Portland, Ore., San Francisco and Los Angeles who would like to lower milk prices, but who have been denied permission to do so on the indisputable ground that it might cut the profit out of some less efficient dealer's operation.

Even in states that have neither li-

censing nor price-fixing laws, milk distribution is often in dangerously few hands. The companies that dominate the market in your town may be completely home-owned, but it's more likely that at least one of them belongs to a national or regional dairy combine. In city after city, two or three large dealers supply at least half the milk and their prices tend to set the pattern for all.

The behemoths of the milk industry are the Borden Company and the National Dairy Products Corporation. Borden, fetchingly assisted by Elsie the Cow, sells fluid milk and cream in nineteen states and Canada. Borden not only manufactures ice cream, condensed milk and cheese, but also mince meat, adhesives, resins and household glue. The company's total sales last year were close to \$650 million. National Dairy Products is even bigger, with annual sales amounting to almost a billion, and some 350 plants located in nearly all the forty-eight states. It likewise does not live by fluid milk alone.

Incidentally, in 1943, two subsidiaries of National Dairy, along with Borden and three of Borden's subsidiaries, pleaded *nolo contendere* ("I won't fight it") to a charge of conspiracy to fix the wholesale price of milk shipped from outside the state in New York City. (They were fined a total of only \$25,000.)

TO the accusation of price-fixing, some dealers may reply that they have to charge the same prices because milk, wage scales and other costs are identical. This is not true. Costs vary considerably within the same area, according to size of plant, quality of equipment, and efficiency of operation. A recent New York State commission study of the price spread in New York City showed home distribution costs of 4.18 to 7.11 cents per quart.

Almost half the nation's milk supply is diverted to make butter, cheese, ice cream, and the other manufactured milk products which account for at least three-fourths of the big companies' profits. Ice cream profits are particularly attractive. Today, ice cream absorbs about twice as much of the country's total milk production, as it did in 1940.

The growing importance of these side lines helps to explain why, in spite of lagging fluid milk consumption, the Borden Company has paid dividends without a break since 1899 at least, and National Dairy ever since its corporate birth 25 years ago. Last year, when fluid milk consumption per capita was off two percent, National Dairy's net sales were up 89 million dollars. National Dairy's 1948 report does not include, among the beautiful blue charts that record the zoom of ice cream and cheese and farm income from milk, any graphs to show what has happened to fluid milk consumption.

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Some milk companies, when attacked, have a way of looking under the bed for a Red. But many people who are far from being economic cranks deplore the present set-up. John A. Hartford, until last year president of The Great Atlantic & Pacific Tea Company, was one of them. In a letter published by *The Rural New-Yorker* he said:

"Generally throughout the United States prices are controlled by those who work to have milk sold at a high price rather than a low price. . . . Whenever a retailer tries to sell milk cheaper, he either finds that he is violating the law or that he cannot get milk at all. . . . Present methods of distribution of milk are not only in most cases uneconomic but in many places absolutely contrary to the best interests of both consumer and farmer."

In the course of a vigorous campaign against high milk prices, John M. Murtagh, Commissioner of Investigation of New York City, asked the A & P to cut the price of homogenized milk sold in its stores one cent, pointing out that the chain was getting a discount of 1.3c per quart. The A & P cut the price one cent. Almost simultaneously, Borden's announced that it had "equalized our prices to all chain stores," and raised the price of homogenized milk sold wholesale to the A & P from 20.7 to 21.25 cents a quart. The A & P's cut, said the *New York Times*, was the first milk price cut in years not resulting from a lowering of the price paid to the farmer. It was also the first time in years that the public had a glimpse of the big discounts for quantity purchases operating behind the scenes.

In contrast, discounts to the consumer for quantity purchases are rare. When the consumer does benefit, it is seldom by more than half a cent a quart. Yet the official report by the New York State commission found that it costs 12.4 cents to deliver a single quart, and only 4.1 cents per quart to deliver three.

Part of the pattern is the practice, required by several state laws, and common in many large cities, of charging extra for homogenized milk. The small dealer may have to charge a little more temporarily for his homogenized milk in order to write off the expense of the equipment, but the large operator is not justified in charging extra for homogenized, Vitamin D milk. The New York State commission's study of the spread between farm and consumer milk prices showed that for five companies the average cost of homogenizing and adding Vitamin D to their milk was six hundredths of a cent a quart. And one Chicago dealer says: "We've stopped figuring the cost; it's cheaper to homogenize all our milk than it is to sell two grades."

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consumers about five million dollars a year.

In Washington, Safeway Stores petitioned the Virginia State Milk Commission to eliminate the one cent premium on homogenized, Vitamin D milk. We can fortify a hundred quarts, said the chain, for one cent. Yet their petition was denied.

Another inequity is the requirement, by some state control boards, of an extra charge for milk in paper containers. A number of wholesalers have found that for their kind of operation paper costs less than glass. Other dealers are glad to have their heavy investments in glass-bottling equipment protected. Such regulations should certainly not be tolerated. The Supreme Courts of two states, Massachusetts and Virginia, have thrown it out.

Union labor has too often been a valiant ally in the battle against low-priced store milk. Home delivery means more jobs for drivers; it takes two or three drivers to deliver as much milk to homes as one man can deliver to stores. In some cities the union has helped the big distributors to stack the cards against store sales.

One way is by increasing the delivery cost of milk in paper containers. Store customers prefer paper because there are no deposits and no bottles to return. However, union drivers in St. Louis receive twice as much for delivering a case of 24 quarts packaged in paper as for a case of 12 quarts in glass, though the difference in weight is only a few pounds.

A second feature of the contract with the St. Louis local is that the more quarts of milk a driver carries, the more commission *per quart* he receives. Dairy-men say that many St. Louis drivers, trucking paper-packaged milk to stores, earn \$12,000 to \$15,000 a year. The escalator clause was written into the contract, long before paper-packaged milk came to St. Louis, expressly to discourage volume sales by the company.

Under the Kansas City contract, a driver receives a flat 6½ percent of the value of the milk he delivers to stores. One dealer employing seven wholesale drivers paid one of them \$17,000 last year. Three other drivers made over \$15,000 each, and the low man earned just under \$10,000.

In some cities local health ordinances increase milk costs by indirectly restricting the supply of milk. Ten years ago, for example, St. Louis adopted the so-called "model milk ordinance" drawn up by the U. S. Public Health Service. Although not opposed to the ordinance itself, farmers insist that enforcement has been both unreasonable and capricious. One dairy man built his cow barn to specifications furnished by the health department only to find that his milk was disapproved because the walkway behind the stalls was six inches too narrow. A second farmer, whose

plans the department had approved, was subsequently told that his barn was too dark: he was ordered to put glass in the doors and install fluorescent lighting. In 1928 a third producer was instructed to build a new milk house 100 feet from his barn; in 1938 he was told to move the milk house to within 40 feet of the barn; in 1942 he was required to move it again, attach it to the barn and enlarge it; in 1947 the department directed him to move it from one side of the barn to the other.

Irked by experiences such as these, 9000 nearby farmers have ceased shipping to St. Louis. The result is that the city is chronically short of milk. Dealers are forced to import 16,000,000 quarts a year to make up the deficit. This imported milk costs them up to 3½ cents a quart more than milk produced locally. Most of it comes from the Chicago area. An ironic angle is that many producers in the St. Louis area are now shipping to Chicago. Their milk eventually finds its way back to St. Louis—but at a higher figure! Consequently, St. Louis' milk consumption, already well below the national average, is 10 percent under that for 1946.

WHAT can be done to bring the price of milk within the reach of all who need it? Here is a ten-point program:

1. *Level off the peaks and valleys of the traditional milk cycle.* Flood in the spring and famine in the fall—there is little reason nowadays for breeding cows so that they freshen all together. Bovine biology does not require it; progressive herdsmen no longer practice it; education, plus economic incentive, could minimize the strains and losses caused by seasonal milk surplus.

2. *Repeat state laws that fix retail prices.* In the states which have abandoned the practice, milk averages one or two cents less per quart than in the states that still control the price housewives have to pay.

3. *Get rid of the punitive taxes and license fees on margarine.* The farmers' price for fluid milk in many markets is governed by the price of butter. But the price of butter has been kept artificially high by state and federal taxes that obstruct the sale of margarine.

4. *Abolish the classified-price system altogether.* Instead of subsidizing the manufacture of butter, ice cream and cheese by paying the farmer a lower rate when his milk is used for those purposes, meanwhile maintaining a high price for fluid milk, let the dealer pay a single flat rate for all milk. If he then chooses to convert it into manufactured products, that's his lookout.

5. *Help reduce costs by simplifying the chaos of farm inspection.* A New Jersey farmer who was selling milk to a couple of neighboring communities found it necessary to have two sets of milking pails: Pails with open tops to

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satisfy Town A, covered pails to meet Town B's requirements. In a single plant receiving milk from 350 farmers, no fewer than twenty-six inspectors were required to keep the permits in order. None of these inspectors would approve inspection by any of the others.

6. *Create a national market for fresh milk through interstate agreements.* Artificial restrictions limit the size of the areas from which various cities draw their milk. Yet milk shipped clear across the country in refrigerated cars can arrive as fresh as when it left the plant. What's more, it's economically feasible to ship milk much farther than most people suppose. But many cities insist on taking fluid milk only from farms okayed by their own inspectors.

7. *Remove impediments to the sale of low-cost milk through stores.* Store sales are being throttled by discrimination on the part of state milk control boards, restrictive union contracts, and other unfair practices. These have got to stop.

8. *Demand wide open bookkeeping by the milk companies.* The farmer and the public are entitled to know exactly what milk costs in its long journey between them. Any industry that deals in a necessity and benefits from controlled prices is under obligation to reveal all the facts. Yet milk dealers are singularly reluctant to have their accounts examined.

9. *Strengthen present antitrust laws.* Although the government has successfully prosecuted a number of milk companies for conspiring to fix prices, the practice still goes on. One reason is that, as the law is framed, a \$5000 fine is the severest penalty a convicted corporation can incur on any one count. But \$5000 is a mere slap on the wrist to a company whose annual profit may run into the millions.

10. *Speed up the development and adoption of technical advances.* Some experts believe that cheaper milk will come through scientific, rather than legal or economic means. For instance, disposable, one-trip milk bottles can be made, more cheaply than glass or paper, of extra-thin aluminum. This invention languishes mainly because of the recent death of its promoter.

One of the scientists in a large food company has discovered a way to dehydrate milk to one third of its volume, then slush-freeze it in small cans. The housewife thaws it, adds twice as much water—and cannot tell the difference between it and "live" milk.

Until we bring a lot more free enterprise and common sense and clarity back into the dairy business, many American housewives will continue to find milk beyond their reach, and many thousands of American children will continue to be threatened with less than perfect health and growth for lack of as much milk as their young bodies need.

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PICTURE OF THE MONTH

Film Reviews and Ratings by the
PROTESTANT
MOTION PICTURE COUNCIL

DURING the past year or two, we have witnessed several courageous attempts by movie-makers to diagnose race prejudice. The best of such films to date were "Gentlemen's Agreement" and "Crossfire." We applauded both, on the basis that such pictures, when presenting their themes dramatically and with understanding, can do much to clear the air and lead to dispassionate consideration of vexing social issues.

American movie-goers, of whatever section or prejudice, have proved that they can "take it," can benefit from it, and though they may not always emerge from viewing such films to undertake crusades to correct the evils presented, they at least are broadminded enough to profit from their consideration of "the other side."

Now comes "Home of the Brave," a clinical look into Negro-white relations. It is a powerful drama, brilliantly performed and having unusual entertainment values entirely apart from its tastefully and tactfully rendered "message." This Stanley Kramer production, released by United Artists, thus joins other Hollywood presentations in revealing not only an encouraging awareness of social problems but a skill in packaging them.

The story focusses on a small group of American soldiers on a dangerous reconnaissance mission on a tiny enemy-held island in the South Pacific. Under the leadership of a young officer, a quartet of soldiers, one a Negro, comprises a tight little unit wherein all the attitudes toward race are represented. Their "Negro problem" is a close and ever-present one, for the white soldiers and for the Negro boy alike.

A Japanese sniper brings the situation to a climax. During the action, the Negro soldier suffers violent shock as a result of inner conflicts and is taken back to the base for treatment. Under the ministrations of the hospital doctor, he conquers the problem within himself.

A satisfactory ending is achieved by the decision of the Negro and one of the white soldiers to become business partners in a restaurant project upon their discharge

"Home of the Brave"



Lloyd Bridges attempts to assure a troubled James Edwards that the anti-Negro bias of one soldier is not a representative opinion. At right, Frank Lovejoy.

from service. (We wish, however, that there were no "bar" in the projected restaurant; this may somewhat spoil, for some people, what otherwise would be considered a happy conclusion.)

Some of the talk among the boys, while under strain, is not of the gentle variety, though consistent with time and place. But, viewed sympathetically for its overall message, "Home of the Brave" can be of help in evaluating one's own racial attitudes as well as imparting a glimpse of the deep psychological struggle every human being has to face at one time or another.

A, Y

OTHER CURRENT FILMS

Audience Suitability Ratings:

A—Adults; Y—Young people 12 to 18;
C—Children under 12.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Except where so stated, these reviews are not to be construed as endorsements, either of specific films or of movie-going in general. They are for the guidance of readers who attend motion pictures, not inducements to those who do not. The "suitability" classification, moreover, is no guarantee the film is flawless; it is merely a guide. Films starred thus (★) are of exceptional merit.

★ **THE GUINEA PIG** (Pilgrim Pictures, Ltd.; distributed by Variety Films, Inc.). Even though frankly a study in social adjustment, this British play is so splendidly done in approach and presentation that it provides excellent entertainment. The story is of a shopkeeper's son who is sent to a socially exclusive English school as an experiment. The school's traditions are scrutinized just as much as the new boy's attitudes and manners. The story's strength lies in the fact that there are rights and wrongs on both sides, and it is only in the matter of "give and take" from all parties that a happy solution will eventuate. The exterior scenes were taken in Devonshire

at the Sherbourne School, thus lending authenticity to backgrounds and atmosphere.

A, Y

WE WERE STRANGERS (Columbia). A realistic account of an abortive plot to assassinate a corrupt president of Cuba by a group of revolutionists. It may be interpreted as a biting study of the futility of violent patriotism among peoples with no democratic heritage or practice. The tension and fear under which the people live in a tyrannic regime are portrayed with conviction. The fact that the incidents related are true in the main adds further impact to a significant story. John Huston's direction and John Garfield's acting are clear, straight and strong. For serious audiences only.

A

THE FORBIDDEN STREET (20th Century-Fox). The screen version of Margery Sharp's novel "Britannia Mews," this tells of the romantic association, voluntary and involuntary, of a woman with the disreputable Mews. The background of English family life in the Victorian period is interesting and the contrast of abject circumstances in a slum is well pointed out. Some strong social implications might have been more in evidence. As it is, the denouement seems manufactured.

A

REIGN OF TERROR (Eagle-Lion). Romantic drama conforming in general outline to events in the last year of the "Terror," from the condemnation of Danton to the fall of Robespierre, leaders in the French Revolution. The characterizations are good, and the message that an awakened, freedom-loving people will not tolerate a dictator is clearly given. Production aims at authenticity, but goes astray on several occasions when it resorts to rather modern touches.

A, Y

ONE WOMAN'S STORY (*Universal-International*). A powerful drama of a young woman turning away from love to marry into wealth and social prestige but keeping alive the old affection. The result is many tense scenes with an almost tragic end. But loyalty wins in this clash of ideals and personalities. **A**

EDWARD, MY SON (*MGM*). Following closely the stage play from which it is derived, this vividly depicts the life of a man who, motivated by the desire to indulge his son's every whim, succeeds only in spoiling him morally and socially, and contributing to his ultimate destruction. This is a scathing condemnation of domination which remains unrepentant. Spencer Tracy, as the father, is not always convincing. But Deborah Kerr, Ian Hunter and others give exceptionally fine performances. A thought provoking, if most unpleasant, biography. **A**

THE WINDOW (*RKO*). The story of a boy who has such a vivid imagination that his parents do not believe him when he states that he has witnessed a murder until it is nearly too late for his safety. Consistently well acted and directed, this keen indictment of bad housing and of the evils lurking among the slums must be viewed as a social study. Because of extreme suspense, mounting to terror, it is only for mature audiences. **A**

ILLEGAL ENTRY (*Universal-International*). An informative dramatization of the work of the Immigration officers along the Canadian and Mexican borders, this film exposes the nefarious activities of the racketeers who organize illegal transportation and entry, engaging in extortion and even murder. The portrayal is not overdrawn. Courage and justice defeat crime. An introduction by Attorney-General Clark points up the lesson. **A, Y**

LOOK FOR THE SILVER LINING (*Warner*). The romanticized biography of Marilyn Miller, dramatizing her career as the girl who sang and danced her way to fame. Some of the songs will have nostalgic charm for those who enjoyed them in earlier years. Technicolor adds glamour to a lavish, if drawn out, musical. **A, Y**

THE BIG CAT (*Eagle-Lion*). A young man goes west and finds himself in the midst of a bitter feud between two men who involve him in their quarrel. Brutal and violent fighting make this unfitted for younger audiences. A last-minute reconciliation and manifestation of devotion and forgiving spirit seem only after-thought. **A, Y**

THE LADY GAMBLERS (*Universal-International*). The downfall of an attractive young matron by the lure of gambling which gradually possesses her is not edifying. The whole system of gambling combines is exposed in a frank and strong way, and should serve as a warning. Dramatic suspense and consistently good acting may make this case-history interesting to the socially minded adult audience. **A**

BIG JACK (*MGM*). This rather unpalatable mixture of slapstick and drama deals with a serious problem in the history of surgery—that of obtaining cadavers for

study which resulted in grave-robbing. Slow moving and confused, even though some production values may be good. **A, Y**

THE GREAT DAN PATCH (*United Artists*). The story of Dan Patch, famous harness pacing horse, runs parallel to the human drama of the people who brought him up and trained him for the track. The people in the picture give good character performances, but the equine actors come off much better. **A, Y**

INTERFERENCE (*RKO*). The difficulties of a football star with a selfish, money-hungry wife are told in a rough and not too satisfactory manner. Everyone in trouble seems to resort naturally to the bottle for comfort and forgetfulness, thus causing more unpleasantness. The wife's turnabout at the conclusion is not convincing. **A**

AFRICA SCREAMS (*United Artists*). Abbott and Costello join a safari with such seasoned jungle travelers as Frank Buck and Clyde Beatty. The result is confusion, and the film provides only mildly funny slapstick. **A, Y, C**

THE CROOKED WAY (*United Artists*). The problem of a man technically innocent (because his evil past is wiped from his mind after a war wound causing amnesia) who attempts to pick up his life again and go straight is rather provocative, but the story is so concocted as to remove any appeal and possibility. Crime and brutality displayed are without excuse. **A, Y**

BLACK MAGIC (*United Artists*). Based on the career of the 18th century charlatan who called himself Cagliostro. After his association with Dr. Mesmer, he developed a strange hypnotic power which he used for his own evil gain instead of for possible good. The plot plays with history and does it well, in the midst of many improbabilities. Settings, costumes and general backgrounds are as elaborate as the performance is spectacular. **A, Y**

SORROWFUL JONES (*Paramount*). In this new version of "Little Miss Marker," Bob Hope is featured as a miserly but thriving "bookie" who keeps one step ahead of police and racketeer. He is partly reformed but not at all repentant about the anti-social nature of his profession. The general atmosphere of law-breaking by "bookmaking," association with racketeers, "race-fixers" and murderers cannot be white-washed by "Sorrowful" engaging in bedside prayer with a puzzled child. **A, Y**

MAKE-BELIEVE BALLROOM (*Columbia*). Name bands, some popular singers and the records they make are strung together with enough of a boy-and-girl story to hold the plot. Musical guessing contests and promotional ideas are exploited. Fair play in competition is featured. **A, Y**

HOMICIDE (*Warner*). A gripping crime story which unfolds without undue emphasis upon the details of a murder and with accents upon the evidence leading to its solution. Good contrast is shown between the moral security of the detective and the uncertainty of the gangsters. There is drinking, also some tough fighting. **A, Y**



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A BRUISE ON HER ARM

(Continued from page 31)

waited. Waited and waited and waited—and nothing happened. *Janey developed no rash at all; she had wallowed in poison ivy, and she was as well and chipper as any child in camp.*

I'll never forget the night we released her from the infirmary. She went past my front porch with her head in the air, an infuriating grin spread all over her face. Just as she disappeared in the shadows of twilight, the counsellor of the hike came along and sat down beside me. He was as mad as anybody could be. "Can you picture *that*?" he exploded. "She *rolls* in the stuff, and it doesn't even give her a pimple. Dog-gone it, *why couldn't she get sick*? Of all the kids in this camp who ought to get sick, that one should. There isn't any justice in this world, anymore. I give up. I've had all I can take of her."

We discussed Janey; several others drifted in, and they discussed Janey.

I knew what was wrong, but I didn't say . . . Finally, it was suggested that I take one last shot at Janey; said the head counsellor, "Look. You're head man around here. If you can't get her straightened out, how do you expect us to? Why don't you sit down and have a nice heart-to-heart with our problem child?"

That's how it came about that I sat down with Janey on the front porch, with the stars just coming out overhead, and the flowers and the trees all turning gold in the moonlight, and the Hudson flowing along like a big silver ribbon off there in the distance. She came when I sent for her and sat down beside me without saying a word; her attitude said, louder than words, "All right. You try it. Just try it!" I mentioned something about this being a lovely night, wasn't it, Janey? The river didn't exist, so far as she was concerned. Have a good supper tonight, Janey? She was as silent as the tomb; she cupped her chin in her hands and just waited.

"Look, Janey," I said. "What's the matter with you, anyway? We've done everything for you that we can; we've gone out of our way to make you happy up here, and you just won't be happy. You won't even talk to us! Why, Janey? What did we ever do to you to make you act like that? Come on, tell me."

She wasn't talking. She just sat there with a face of stone and a black glare in her eyes. I thought I saw the upper lip twitch, once or twice, as though she'd like to say something, but it didn't come. I tried again. And again. For nearly half an hour we sat there, with Janey wrapped in her devastating silence and me blundering around in useless words. It would have driven a saint half mad, and I was just about to give up when it happened.

We have an old dog at Mont Lawn—Van, a big, black, lumbering, lovable

dog who must be as old as the Ark. The Creator never put a kindlier heart in any creature than He put in Van, nor a more mournful pair of eyes; I doubt that he'd bark at Frankenstein's monster. Van came out of the shadows of the porch, ambled over beside Janey, sat himself carefully down, wagged his big tail once or twice and put one paw in her lap. Janey stiffened, but she didn't touch the paw. Then Van reached over with his tongue and licked her.

Have you ever seen a child "wilt"? Just go limp? All the stiffness went out of her. She dropped one hand on his back, and ran it up and over his head. I sat there spellbound, unable to move, until she turned to me and spoke the first decent words she'd spoken since she arrived at camp.

"I've got a dog," said Janey.

She had no dog, and I knew it. *But she'd always wanted a dog*—a dog to pet and run with and love. A dog who would love *her*, as nobody in that fearful environment of hers loved her.

"I've got a dog," she repeated. "He's nice and soft and clean, and we play in the park and he sleeps under my bed, and . . ." I knew better than to ruin it by trying to "say something appropriate to the occasion." I let her ramble on, and then I got up and left her there in the moonlight with old Van. I couldn't have said anything, anyway. I looked back once as I went into the house; she had her arms around Van's neck.

SO Van broke the ice. I don't know how long they sat there, but I do know that the final gesture of love on the part of that old pooch was what did it; it was the last straw of kindness, coming after the thousand little kindnesses on the part of the staff at Mont Lawn, that finally broke her down. She wasn't aware of it, but for two weeks we had fought her ugliness with kindness; we had just refused to get mad at her, or throw her out, or punish her. We'd just "gone along," trying our poor best to obey the biblical injunction to love those who despitefully use us. If anyone is interested in discovering the technique of Mont Lawn, or our "underlying philosophy"—that's it!

Janey went to a party around our campfire, that night. She didn't have to go, but for the first time that summer she seemed to *want* to go. And she was right in the middle of them, not by herself on the edge of the circle.

We had no more trouble with her. She and Van were inseparable in the days that were left. When she went home, she actually shook hands with all of us, and *spoke*: "Good-bye. I had a fine time!" We all stood there in silence as the bus disappeared down the road.

That's about all there is to her story. It didn't get into the newspapers. Christian miracles seldom do—but they are miracles, none the less. **THE END**



THE SPICE OF LIFE

Reassurance

The elderly couple had saved for years to buy an automobile. Finally they had their car and set out joyfully on a long-planned trip to the West.

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"Dad, why do you keep looking at your license?" she asked him, after this had happened several times.

"For reassurance, Mary, for reassurance," he explained. "This here license states that I am competent to operate an automobile."

—Lookout

Magic

An Englishman and an American were crossing the ocean on the same boat. While chatting on deck one day, the Englishman asked about the American's occupation.

"I'm a magician," the latter replied. "Really! What's your specialty?"

"I make things disappear . . ."

At which time a torpedo scored a direct hit and the two voyagers found themselves in the water clinging to a piece of wreckage. Shaking the water from his eyes, the Englishman sputtered angrily:

"I suppose you think that's funny!"

—Army and Navy Journal

Precocious

Mary Roberts Rinehart, the well-known novelist, recalls an amusing exchange which occurred some years ago when she was airing her granddaughter in the park. The little girl was extremely attractive and many passersby paused to admire her.

"And what is your name, darling?" one fluttery lady inquired.

The child, being named after her grandmother, lisped, "My name is Mary Roberts Rinehart."

"Goodness me!" exclaimed the astonished questioner, "you don't say so! Why, I read a book of yours just the other day."

—Builders

Literal

The managing editor wheeled his chair around and pushed a button in the wall. The person wanted entered. "Here," said the editor, "are a number of directions from outsiders as to the best way to run a newspaper. See that they are all carried out; and the office boy, gathering them all into a large wastebasket, did so. —Watchman-Examiner

Restful

"How did you sleep?" asked the hostess sweetly. "Was that couch all right?"

"It wasn't so bad," said her son's college friend amiably. "I got up from time to time and rested."

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THE GROOMS FAMILY

(Continued from page 23)

"Everybody has some talents in life," he told himself. He prayed, "What are my talents, Lord?"

He had always been interested in electricity rather than farming. It was only natural for him to send \$5 as enrollment fee to a school of electricity in Chicago. He was 16 then. But it was ten years before he was able to follow that advance payment in person.

An aunt of his wife's offered to co-sign his note. But Merle and Elizabeth Grooms talked things over. They decided to sell all their stuff on the farm. The sale brought in the \$250 needed for the school tuition, plus enough for them to get by on until he completed the five-month course in Chicago. The year was 1936. (In 1946 he went back for a three-month advanced course in electronics, likewise at his own expense. This time he was offered a job in Chicago but turned it down because he'd rather raise his children in the country. The school now has given him a life scholarship, with free tuition at any time he wishes to come back for review courses.)

Elizabeth Grooms and the first child had moved in with her parents, so it was natural for Merle to look for work in that same area. That brought him to Bartlesville. He got a job with Reda Pump, doing some sort of wiring, and was frankly relieved after some months when a brief lay-off sent him home for

three days. The company called him back to a new spot, electrical maintenance, with now and then a try at some experimenting. This suits him fine. He didn't like the monotony of a production job, does much better when he is given a problem to solve.

Sam Chesnut, personnel manager for Reda Pump and himself a churchgoer, speaks well of Merle Grooms. So do others, including the city's leading hotel-manager who has Merle service the various small motors in his home.

In a year when far too many people are worried over everything from their health to the next tax payment, or the next war, or whatever people are determined to worry over, the family of Grooms seems uniquely undisturbed, beautifully serene. Here is the peace that passeth understanding. Here is a serenity, a feeling of security and permanence. No one envies any neighbor; no one finds occasion for strife or envy or bitterness.

The children are well-mannered and orderly. The atmosphere of the home is a deep and lasting happiness. It makes you forget the green lawn that isn't there—time later in life to sprinkle lawns and make grass grow!—and remember the boys wearing their gay home-tailored shirts proudly, the girls happy with their music, the father working usefully and enjoyably. Such things produce an enjoyment of life that money could never buy—it has to be earned. That enjoyment comes naturally to Merle and Elizabeth Grooms.

MA FIELDING

(Continued from page 19)

more remote than usual, Ma thought.

"How are the girls?" she asked politely.

"Well enough, I suppose," Clara sighed. "Jean is being very difficult about giving up her room. She and Barbie have to share and they just can't bear it. Been used to their own rooms, you know. Kate, you're lucky to have no children."

"You said that right," Mark was emphatic. Kate smothered a sigh.

"You shouldn't have to give up a room for me." Ma looked about the room as one gropes in unfamiliar dark. "I can sleep anywhere . . . on a couch or . . ."

"Mother, you talk as though we don't want you." Charles leaned back and fitted his fingertips carefully together. "It does seem strange that Dad didn't provide a fund for you. Then you could have gone to a nice, quiet boarding home. Dad was pretty shrewd about most things, too."

"You forget the kind of education he gave us all." Kate frowned at Charles. "That's where the money went. Your medical schooling and that year in Berlin. And Margaret's singing . . ."

"A man's expected to do for his children," Clara interposed. "It's costing us plenty to send our girls to the right kind of school and with this added expense . . ."

Ma was staring out the window. She remembered the day Pa transplanted the cedars. It had been autumn . . . the scent of wood smoke in the air. Charles had been three years old. . . . Mechanically she rose and went out into the hall to greet Margaret and George.

"How are you, Mother?" Margaret kissed her on the cheek. George nodded.

"George had a dreadful time getting away from the bank." Margaret smiled around the little group. "Everyone here except Cliff and Helga, eh?"

"Beastly driving down," George mopped his face, looking around the room with speculative eyes. His glance lingered on an old hand-carved walnut table. "We got a good price for the farm. Good idea to sell everything and divide the proceeds among the heirs for taking care of the old . . . I mean . . . Mrs. Fielding."

Ma turned her face to the window again. Fragrance of honeysuckle drifted in. Pa had planted some last spring, before he became ill.

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"If the household things are to be divided, I think Charles and I should have the silver tea set." Clara jerked her head sidewise. "Kate got the blue plates that belonged to Charles' grandmother."

"Well, you got the Wedgwood pitcher," Margaret pointed out. "I'm the youngest girl, so I thought George and I..."

"Wait till Cliff gets around to grabbing things," George said and chuckled slyly. "Remember, he's the baby of the family."

"I don't see what they would want with anything," Clara smoothed a minute wrinkle in her smart gray glove. "Living in that little dump. Too bad he had to marry a big Swede like Helga. I don't know what he saw in her."

"Helga's not bad." Kate glanced sharply at her mother. "Too bad she insists on working, though. And Cliff makes a slave of himself at Harpers. And he's the only one of us who ever liked the farm. I can't understand him."

"For all their hard work, they never seem to have anything," Clara said. "Just three miserable rooms. Not even a car."

"Helga must be a poor manager," Margaret scrutinized the rosy tips of her nails.

Sudden anger flamed in Ma. Never before had she gone against the children, but they had gone too far. "Helga's the best of the lot of you," she said sharply. "You should be ashamed to talk about her so. She keeps her house neat as a . . . pin." She choked on the last word.

"Such as it is," Clara conceded. "Say, I never knew you were so fond of her." She fixed Ma with a cold eye. "She's rather a looker," Mark said and grinned.

"If you happen to like the stout, rosy type," Margaret stroked slender hips with a soft hand.

"Let's decide who's to have Mrs. Fielding first, and get this stuff divided up, so I can get back to the bank." George went through the motions of washing his hands.

"Look, why don't we let Charles sell all this stuff here and get rid of it," Mark suggested. "That would give Mrs. Fielding some money for clothes and things."

"You're wrong, Mark." George was emphatic. "If she's going to live with the children, she should divide the things among them. Some of this stuff is old enough to be good."

"I think George is right," Clara said. "I believe Kate should have Mother first, being the oldest girl and all."

"Why not let Mother herself decide where she wants to stay." Unnoticed, Cliff had come to the door. Helga stood behind him.

Cliff was more like Ma than the rest,

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with the same level eyes, the same brown hair curling crisply at the temples. He was taller than the others and there was a look of eagerness about him.

Helga moved up to stand beside him, a tall girl with blue eyes and fair hair, her figure proudly held and generously proportioned. Looking at Helga made one think of sun and wind and brown, rich earth.

"It's all settled," George's voice rasped a little. "It's too much to ask of one . . ."

"Helga and I want her to live with us," Cliff came and stood close to Ma, his arm about her shoulders.

"I don't see why," George worried the subject doggedly. "You can't have all the money from the place, because the old . . . Mr. Fielding provided for the selling of his place in the will."

"Please," it was Helga who spoke, her voice as soft as the velvet inside a chestnut burr. "We need her and we don't want the money."

Ma reached out and caught the back of a chair, clinging to it. One word stood out—need!

"Why?" Margaret demanded. "So she can do all of your work?"

SERMON

(Continued from page 28)

his witness to the truth in Christ have no uncertainty as to what Niemoeller meant by that message. He meant that he had discovered in his extremity the riches of grace that God reserves to those who realize the need of them.

We can scarcely afford to neglect the resources that God supplies if we are in earnest about being consistent and genuine Christians in the face of unpromising and unsupporting external conditions. We choke off spiritual life when we neglect prayer, the Bible, the cultivation of the sense of Christ's presence. In a real sense a Christian in an unchristian environment is like a diver who is supplied with air leading to the surface. To cut the air pipe is to cease to exist in his environment. So dependent is he upon that medium of supply from the world above that he guards it with great care. So God supplies our lives from His world above. God has a private door to every man's soul. No hand but our own can shut that door. Through that door comes the supply of grace that makes all the difference between success and failure, victory and defeat. As we use the spiritual resources, we depend upon them, count them more and more essential—until they become of first-rate significance to us, and everything else seems secondary.

More than this, I imagine those saints in Caesar's household would insist that we need the church as we try to live the Christian life in unfavorable surroundings.

"Helga will not be working any more." Cliff put his other arm about his wife. "She's going to stay at home now. But we need Mother just the same."

"You see," a light seemed to glow suddenly beneath Helga's rose-petaled cheek, "I'm going to have a baby in February."

"Your place is too small," began Kate, who had no intention of being unkind.

"Helga and I have worked pretty hard," Cliff's voice was husky. "We not only worked, but we saved every cent. Mr. Larkin bid the farm in for us. It's . . . it belongs to Mother, to us."

Ma looked proudly around the room, but she could not see those who sat in open-mouthed surprise. She was seeing future Fielding sons, soft, sweet tots with the summer sun tangled in their bright tresses. Brown little girls and boys who belonged to Grandma.

"Nothing will be divided," she said breathlessly. "We need our things, Cliff and . . . my . . . daughter and I."

The fragrance of Pa's honeysuckle drifted in through the window. A tear slipped down Ma's cheek and fell on the new lace collar. She could see the silver lining through happy tears.

I wonder if we are capable of appreciating what the church in that early day meant to the saints in Caesar's household. Indeed, it was not the sort of church with which we are familiar. It consisted simply of a little group who gathered from various walks of life to encourage one another, to share their experience of Christ, and to pray. Yet, with what renewed courage, with what quickening of conscience, high visions of truth and duty, the saints in Caesar's household left this fellowship of kindred minds to walk back to the palace of Nero! I can well believe that it was this church, this ecclesia, the fellowship of those called out, that kept these men and women on their feet against such insuperable odds. For them the church was a society within a society, a world within a world, and in the company of men and women who thought as they thought, and loved what they loved, and shared their hopes, they could be themselves, find relaxation and renewal.

The church of Jesus Christ today ought to mean that sort of thing to you—whatever you are. It ought to provide a fellowship where your purposes will be strengthened, your faith renewed, and your conscience quickened and enlightened. No matter how small or large a church may be, if it is a real church of Christ, you ought to find in it the strength and the encouragement for Christian living that the saints in Caesar's household found in their church. For those who face a difficult environment—whatever its nature may be—the church ought to provide a world within a world. The fellowship of the church,

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the instruction and inspiration found there, the encouragement of those who are like-minded, ought to mean for you what that little group must have meant to the saints in Caesar's household.

Furthermore, I think those saints in Caesar's household would remind us that God placed them in Caesar's household because He wanted things changed there—and would urge us to regard whatever place we fill as our opportunity to transform that environment for Christ.

Don't assume for a moment that those men and women were interested only in their own salvation—that they thought of themselves as brands snatched from the burning. Do not believe that their philosophy of life was so devoid of the mind of their Master as to allow the environment to matter but little if only they were rescued and kept from contamination. Not so! See what happened! Those saints in Caesar's household and the other early Christians whose lives were set in unpromising and hostile places used such settings as opportunities to witness and to work. What happened to Caesar's household?

In an unbelievably brief time it was not only radically changed, it was abolished. Those men and women did not look like revolutionists. Indeed, they did not think of themselves as such. They did not appear to be very imposing and influential people, but they were just what Christ meant His disciples to be—a little leaven that leaveneth the whole lump, salt that retains its savor, a light set on a hill. Not even the household of Nero could withstand such Christ-directed, living cells of power.

As children, we used to hear stories of the prehistoric monsters that roamed the earth in the long ago. We wondered how men ever disposed of those creatures. When we became older, we discovered the answer. The climate changed and the monsters died. What is needed in the surroundings that are a drag on our spiritual lives is a change of climate. You and I can have a part in changing that climate. That is our task. It is the crux of the matter for you and me. Your business is your opportunity for Christ. Your club and your social set—you are there for the purpose of changing the climate. Your school campus, young people, is obviously where God wants you in order that the climate may be different. If your home is your problem, the strength of your character, the warmth of your Christian spirit, the genuineness of your faith, can and must be felt by all who live there with you. It is your job to change the environment that will handicap you unless you do something about it. People can resist your arguments, remember, but they can't resist a change in the climate—the atmosphere that your life creates.

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Back Talk

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Rebuke for Gabriel

TO THE EDITOR:

Gabriel Courier sets me off again by calling war "our prize piece of national insanity." If he is right, then let's call the arresting of American gangsters (by force, of course) also a piece of national or state or county or city insanity. Were not the last two wars just that—the arresting of gangsters? If our pacifists could think of our armed forces as our share of the world's peace force—as they really are—and stop being such an effective fifth column for foreign gangsters, we could be sure that a world-triumph by the latter would not be directly traceable to their well-meaning but misdirected efforts against measures of safety. A gangster's possession of a gang the size of a nation seems to get him immunity in the eyes of pacifists; his arrest then is called war, and they're "agin' it."

Waukesha, Wisc. BENJ. D. BRADLEY

"Slanguage"

TO THE EDITOR:

I was attracted to the story "The Rector's Garden" in the May issue, which I found to be quite interesting. But I was rather amazed when I came upon the line, "I'm a darn fool." The word "darn" is considered a minced oath. See Webster's International Dictionary.

Cudahy, Wisc. VERA S. WORM

... Is it necessary to use such words as "I'll be darn glad" in the story "The Bestest Secret"? It's only a breath from "darn" to "damu" or worse—especially with children who take all the license possible, you know.

MRS. M. W. MUIRHEAD

Colorado Springs, Colo.

• These two gentle rebukes are deserved. It is one of CHRISTIAN HERALD's firm taboos that such "slanguage"—the not-too-pale derivatives of swearing—be not permitted, and must be deleted from our stories and articles whenever unthinking authors put them in. This time it seems that two readers at least caught us with our blue pencils down.

Painless Rejection

TO THE EDITOR:

Thank you for the kind way in which you rejected my poem. You say "no" so nicely that it is practically painless. I wondered if it could be the lovely environment you work in that makes you sound so human, or could I have been wrong about editors in general?

Bronx, N. Y.

MARION CHECKETT

• And thank you, Reader Checkett! Not many authors submitting material which, for some reason, we cannot publish come back to praise our efforts at "painless rejections." There may be something in that "lovely environment" explanation, but we think the credit mainly belongs to Associate Editor Ella Klein to whom usually falls the unpleasant job of rejecting. It just happens that Miss Klein is a lovely person—

and would be so anywhere. The rest of us are earnestly trying to catch her spirit!

Eliminate "Cocktail"

TO THE EDITOR:

It seems to me that the suggestion given by Edward S. Doton in the March issue—namely, "Why use the word cocktail?"—is too good to pass by without doing something about it. I hope that people all over the country will feel prompted to eliminate the word, printed and spoken, from their menus. We can simply use the words "tomato juice," etc., and "mixed fruits" (for fruit cocktail). It's only a little thing, but it will help counteract this liquor propaganda.

Burbank, Calif. MRS. O. H. HOLTMAN

"Shakespeare's Alcoholics"

TO THE EDITOR:

Thank you for the very fine way in which you presented my article "Shakespeare's Alcoholics" (April '49). We have received many interesting letters as a result. Your readers may be interested to know that the article, in expanded form, has been printed by us in booklet form. Each booklet is enclosed in an envelope, and the prices, including postage, are: for fewer than 15 copies, 16c each; 15 or more copies, 14c each; 30 or more copies, 13c each. Address: Alcohol Facts, Inc., Box 682, White Plains, N. Y.

White Plains, N. Y. RAYMOND D. THOMAS

Defends Child Psychologists

TO THE EDITOR:

I have just read "Train Up a Child" (April '49). I would like to say something in defense of Drs. Gesell and Spock. I am a Presbyterian minister's wife with two small children who certainly have "their moments." On the table in our bedroom I have my Bible; next to it are Dr. Gesell's book "The Child From Five to Ten" and Dr. Spock's book "Baby and Child Care." Like Mary and Ted in the article, we are bringing up our children according to Drs. Gesell and Spock. But we are not getting the results Mary and Ted got . . . Mrs. Davis, author of your article, says that "parents are in desperate need of something more than what psychologists have discovered about child reactions." I heartily agree! But she should not discredit or misrepresent psychological findings because some mothers read and misinterpret them . . . As far as children's moral and spiritual life is concerned, my Bible and the teachings of Jesus Christ stand first. But I also need Drs. Gesell and Spock that I may understand their physical and psychological reactions.

Beaver Falls, Pa. MARY HELENE STEPHENS

Shocked

TO THE EDITOR:

After reading your February issue from cover to cover, I came to "Back Talk." I

was shocked to read the denunciations of a few readers against your magazine. Why? Your magazine is full of clean, wholesome articles. Your reviews and recommendations of good books and movies are a help to us in choosing only the best for our children to read and see. Your Scripture readings are the best to relieve both the pained heart and the troubled soul.

MRS. WM. ANDERSON

North Jackson, Ohio

Can't Quit Us!

TO THE EDITOR:

Sometime ago I wrote you that, since your subscription rate had increased, I felt that I could not renew. My last issue has just arrived and I know that I cannot do without CHRISTIAN HERALD, for it has been coming to my home for many years. It is like telling an old friend that I cannot see her again and not to come back. I am, therefore, enclosing my check for one year's renewal and hope by the end of that time I can renew for the two or three year period.

I like the way you fight the many evils prevalent in our country, and I notice that good results always follow. I always feel that when CHRISTIAN HERALD rolls up its sleeves and starts to fight, people begin to wake up, and think, and take action.

MRS. L. D. CLEMMONS

Thomasville, N. C.

Change Our Name?

TO THE EDITOR:

Christian Herald indeed! You do not warrant that name after the comment made upon Gary Cooper's letter to you about "Good Sam" (March "Back Talk"). Jesus Christ would never have wanted you to refer to "brethren" in such a hypocritical way. You are far from Christian in most of your attacks on the Roman Catholics. . . . Let the name be "Protestant Herald," and then at least you can be honest.

HELEN R. DELONG

Upper Montclair, N. J.

• Oh, me! And just when we were trying to be brotherly!

Thank You!

TO THE EDITOR:

I am a retired Congregational minister past 83. For a number of years now I have been a regular subscriber to CHRISTIAN HERALD and I feel that it is one of our best publications. It is clean, stands for the best things and is trying hard to improve conditions where needed. Your work in behalf of the Bowery Mission, clean movies, clean and inspiring literature and temperance are all to the good. Keep it up!

Johnson, Vt.

EDWARD G. FRENCH

... I cannot begin to tell you all CHRISTIAN HERALD does for me, but this one thing in particular does it do: When the world looks bleak and grey and I wonder if there is any goodness left in it, I get out my copies of the HERALD. I find the world is full of goodness and good people and my smoked glasses become rose-tinted, while I go on with the day's work with an uplifted feeling.

Lancaster, Wis.

ELVA SWAB

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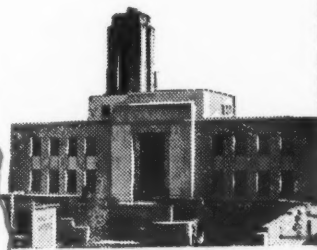
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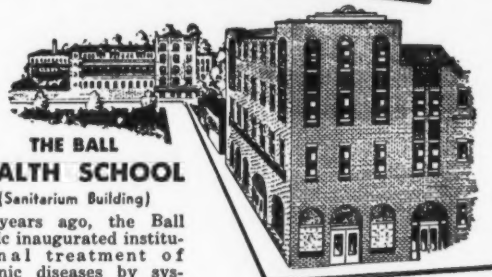
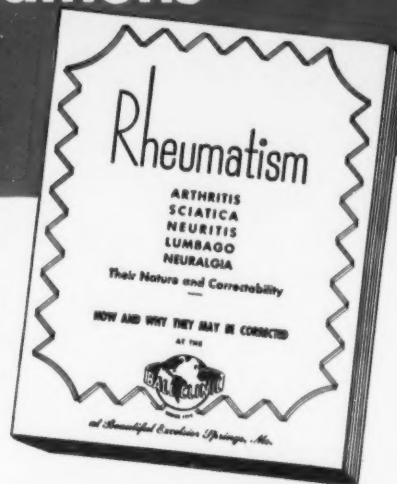
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